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Vol. I-No. IV



FEBRUARY, 1937

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his family in China, the land of the yellow dragon.

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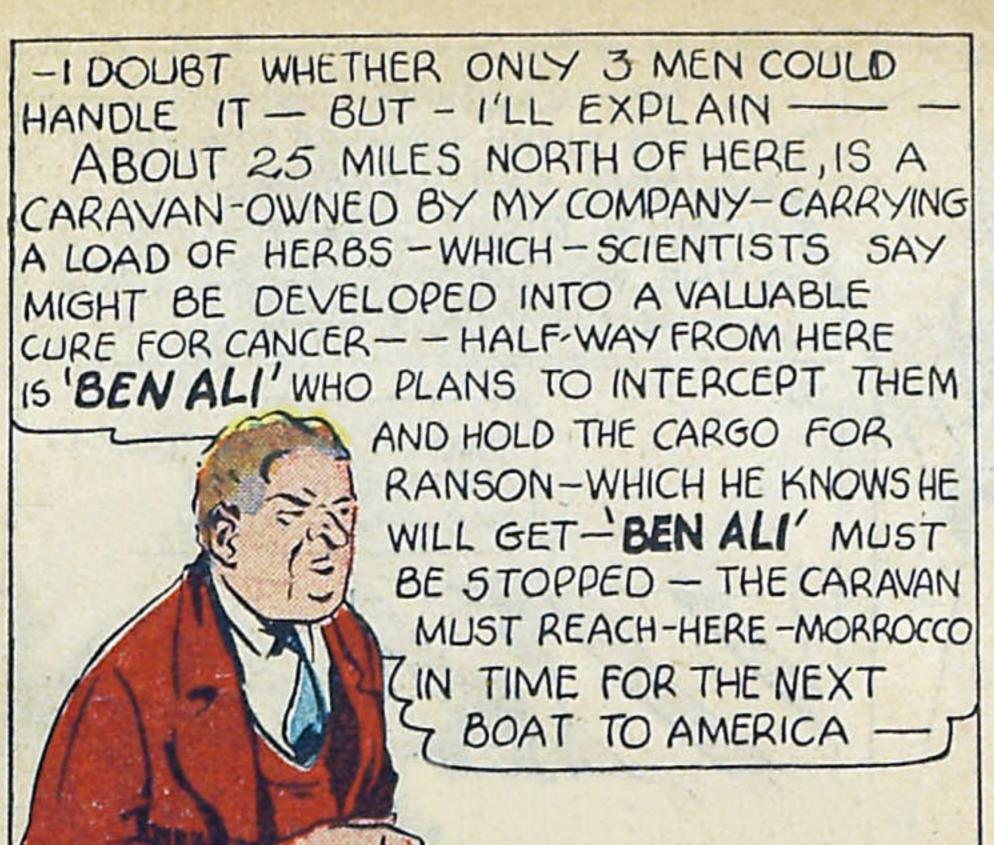


THE BROTHERS THREE ---



AT THE HOME OF THREE BROTHERS -

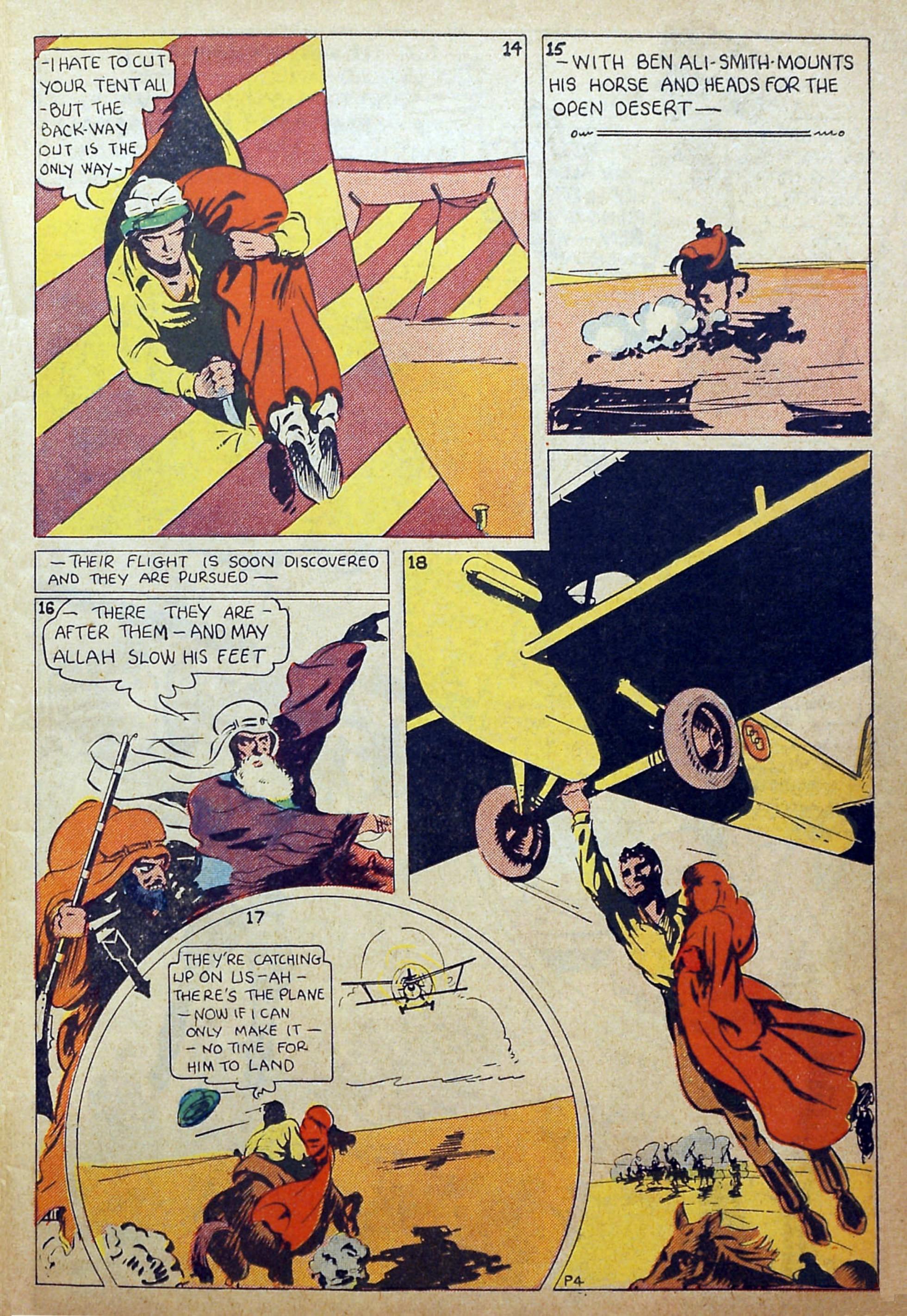
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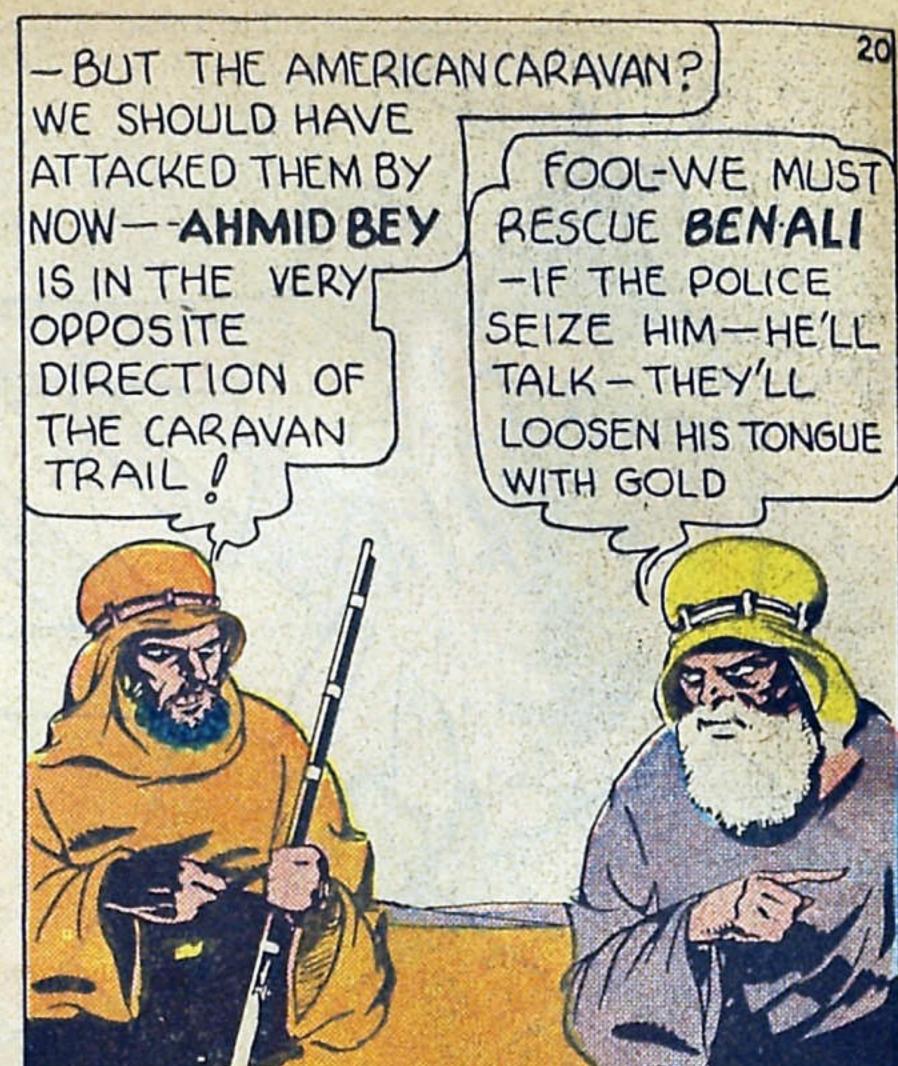


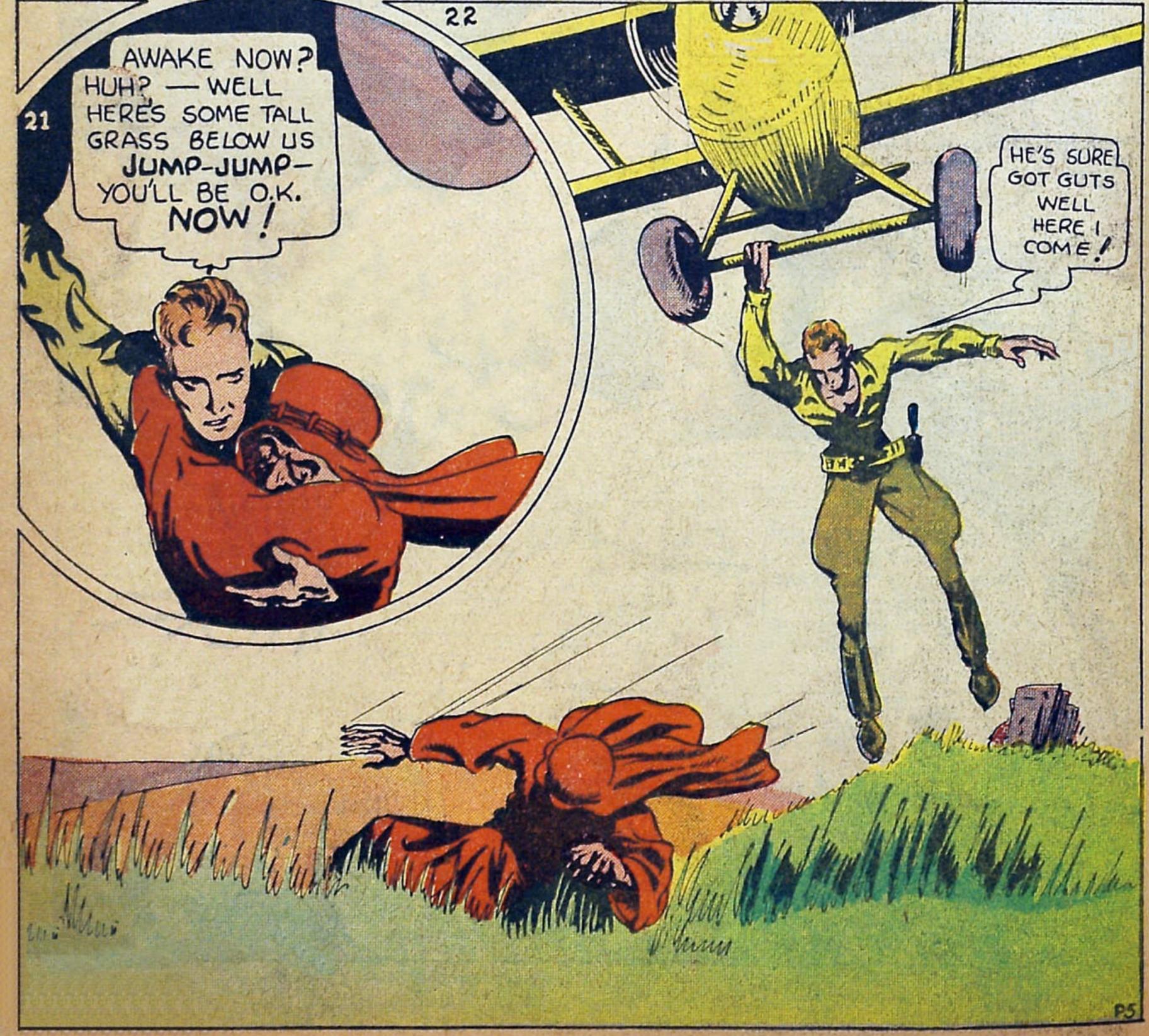


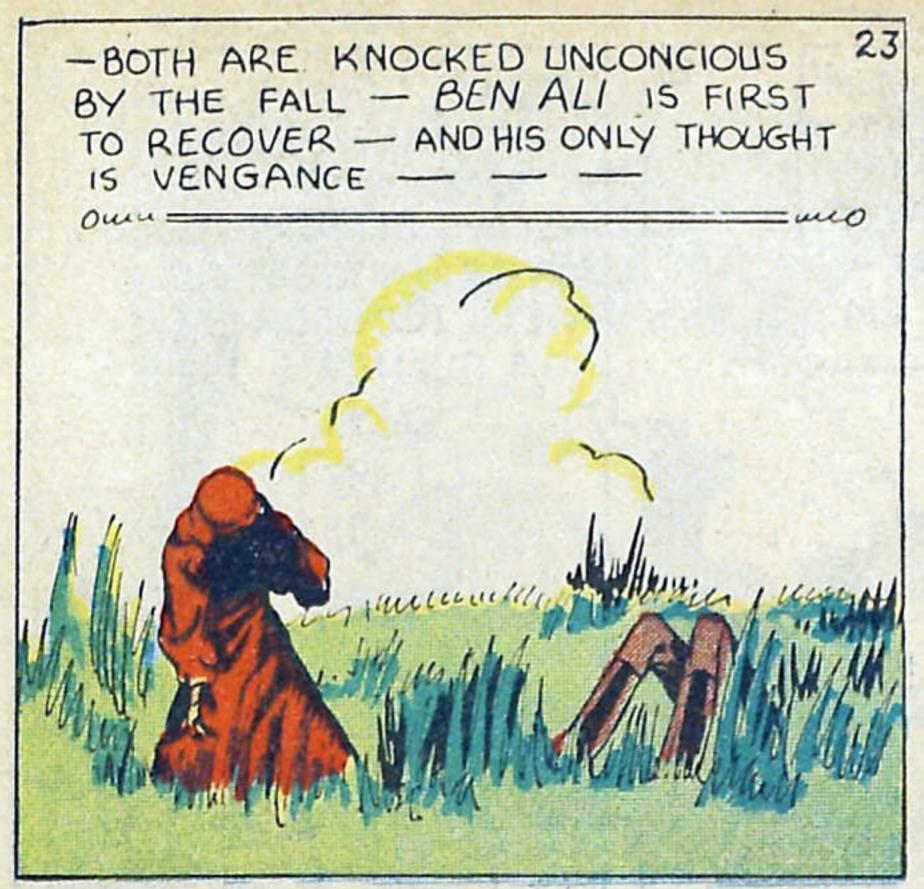














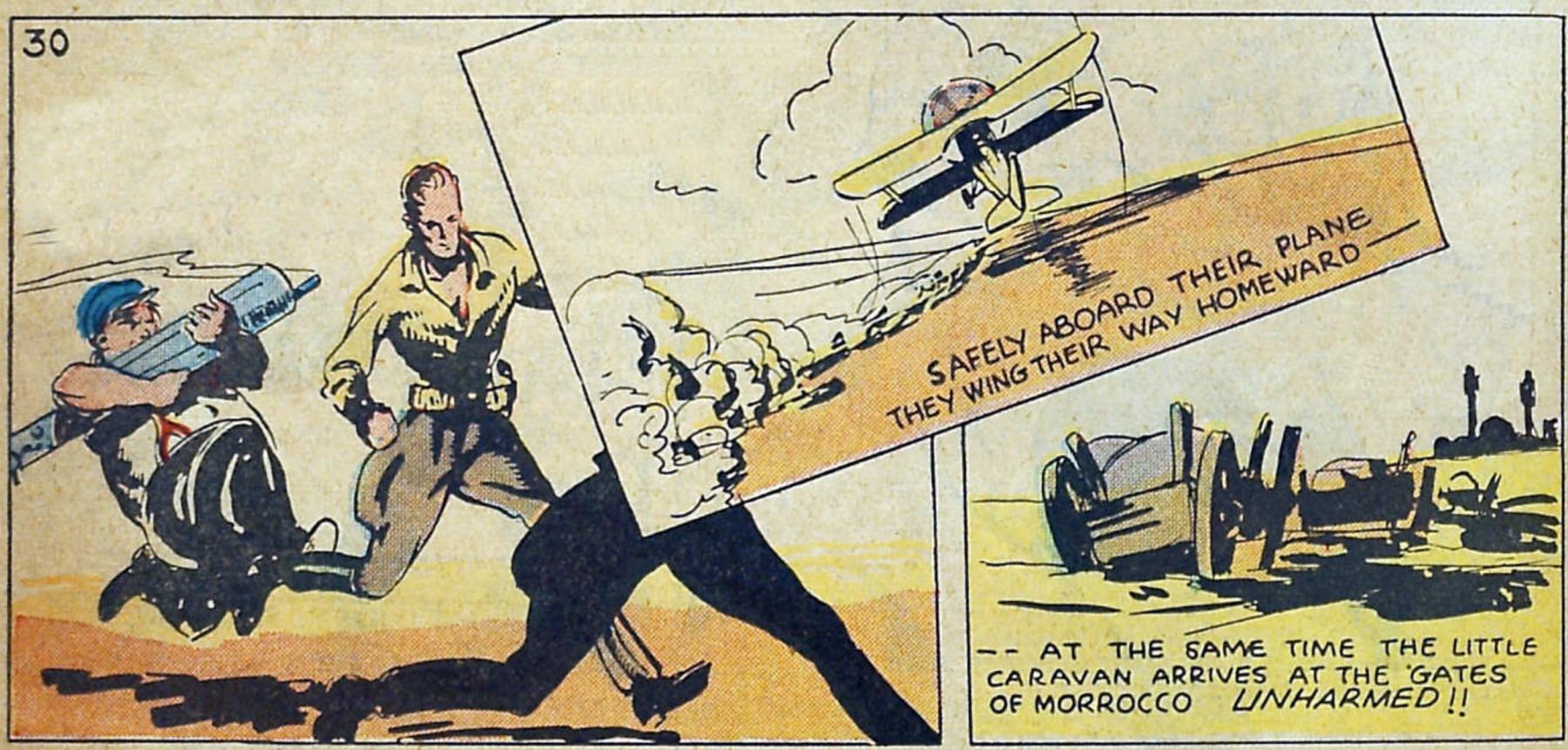






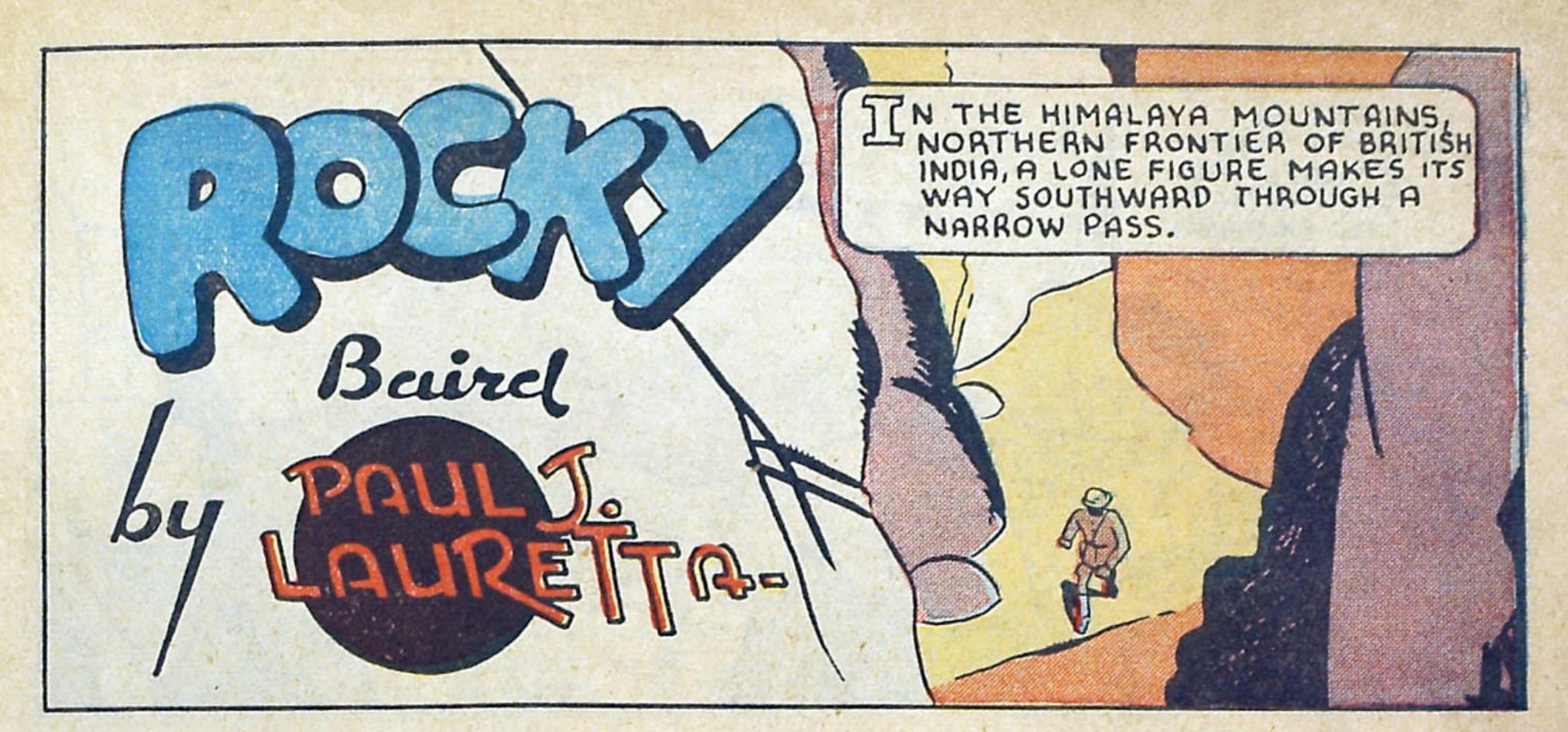












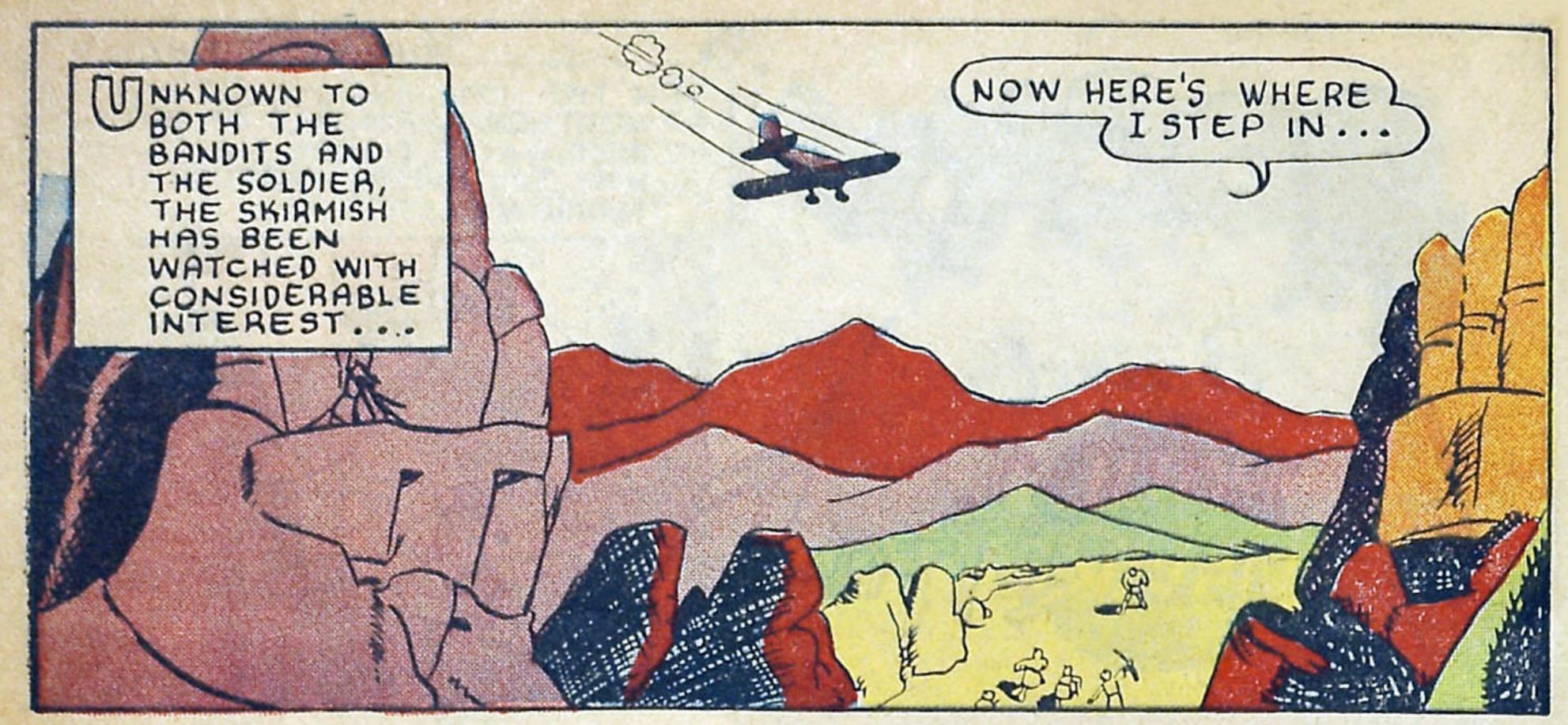


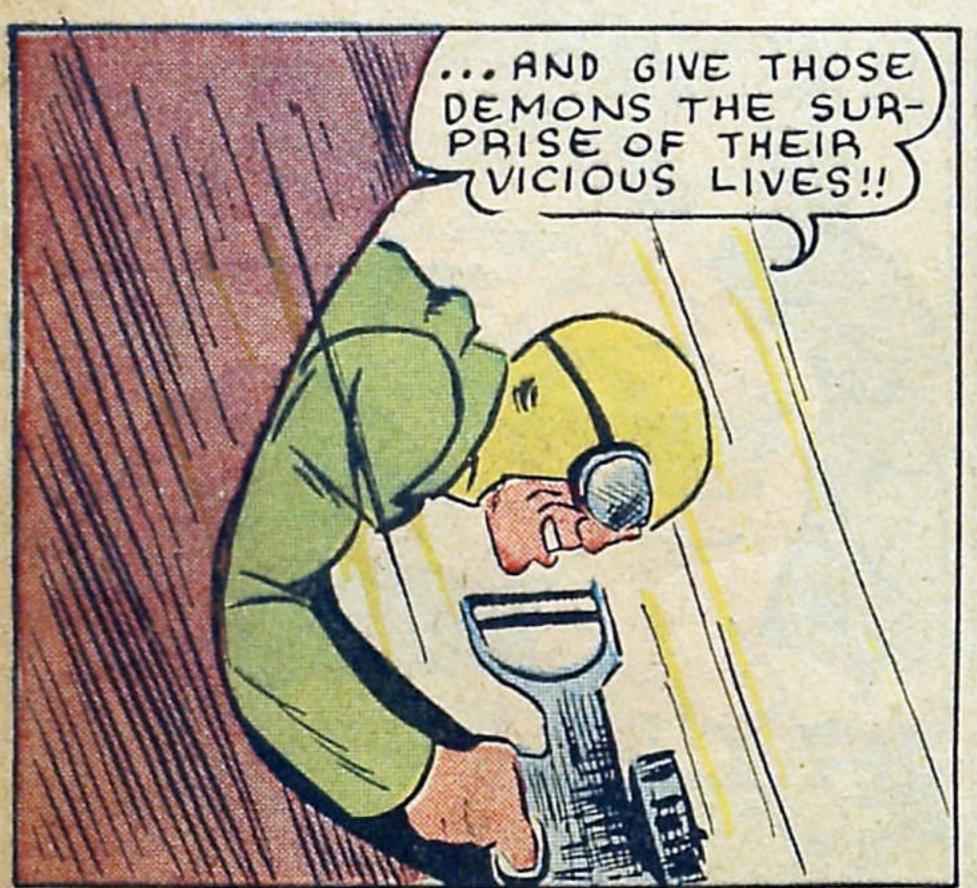
NOW, THESE MOUNTAINS ARE SOMETIMES NOVER-RUN WITH BLOOD-THIRSTY BAN-DITS, SO, IT IS NOT UNUSUAL WHEN THIS LONE TRAVELER HAPPENS UPON A DOZEN OF THEM!

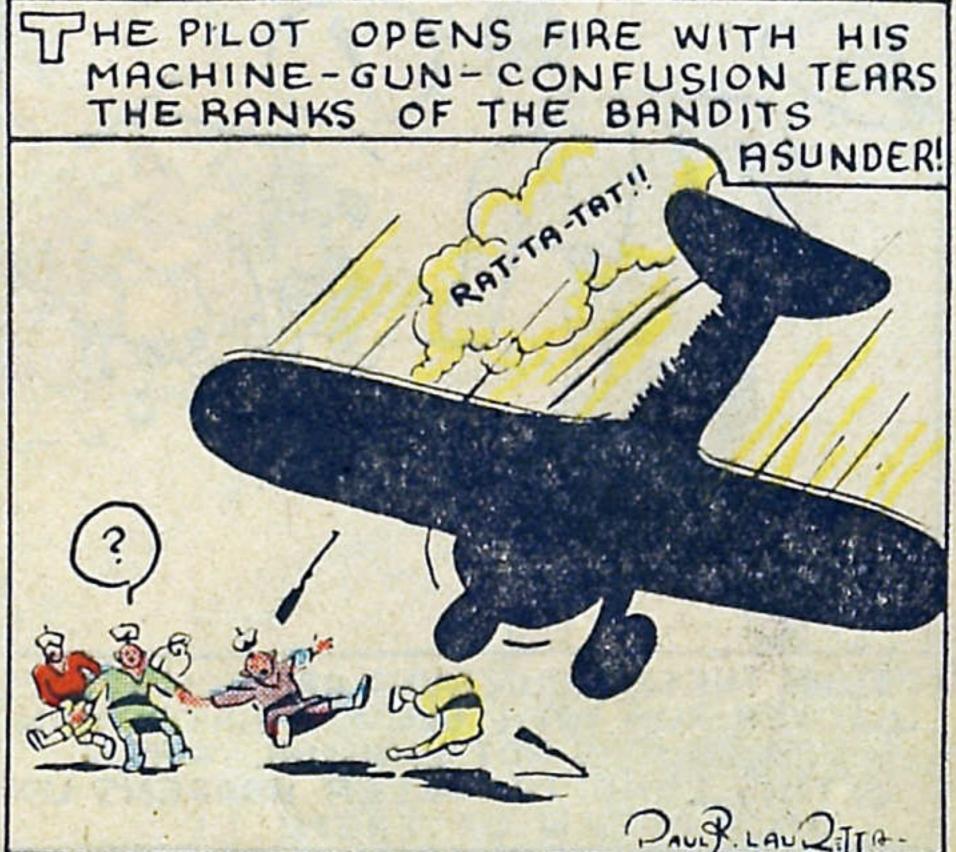


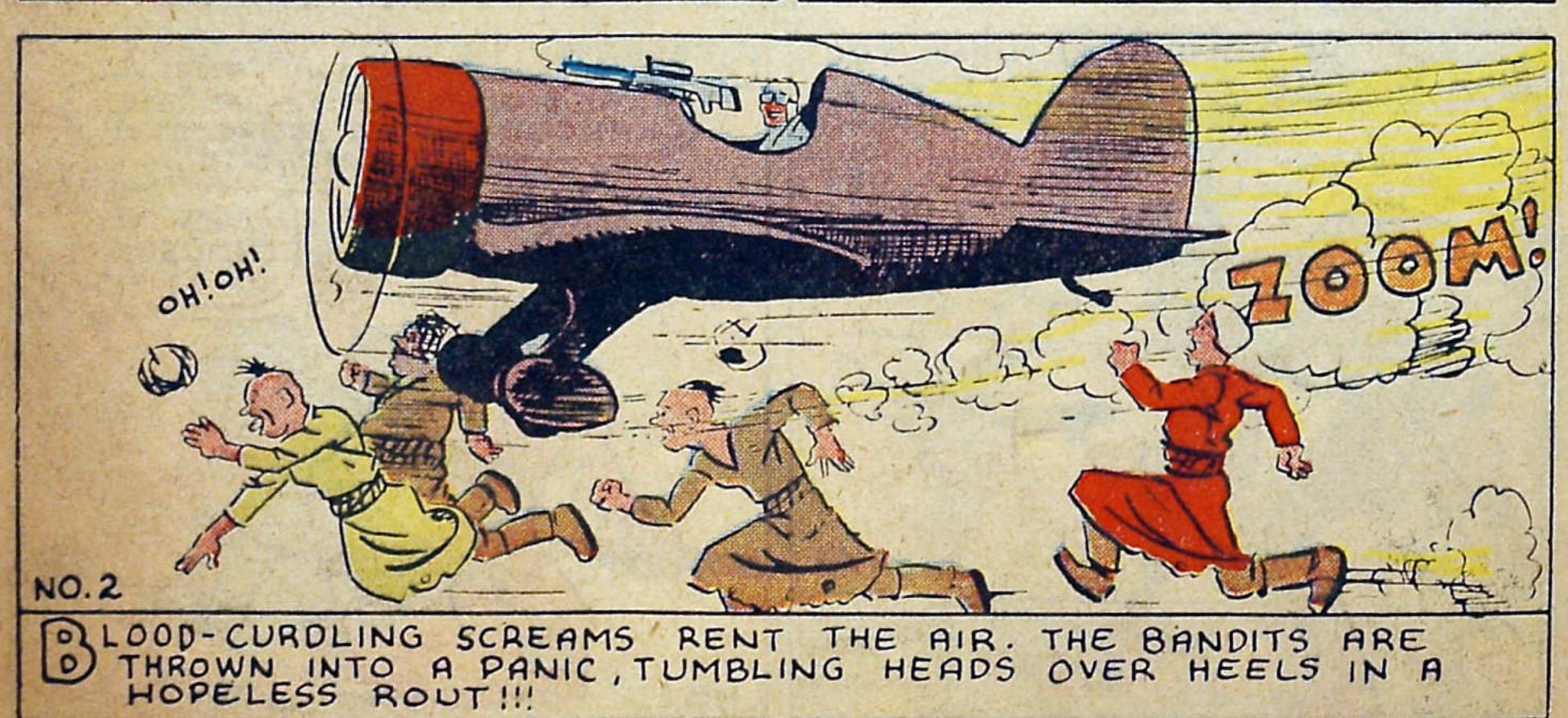


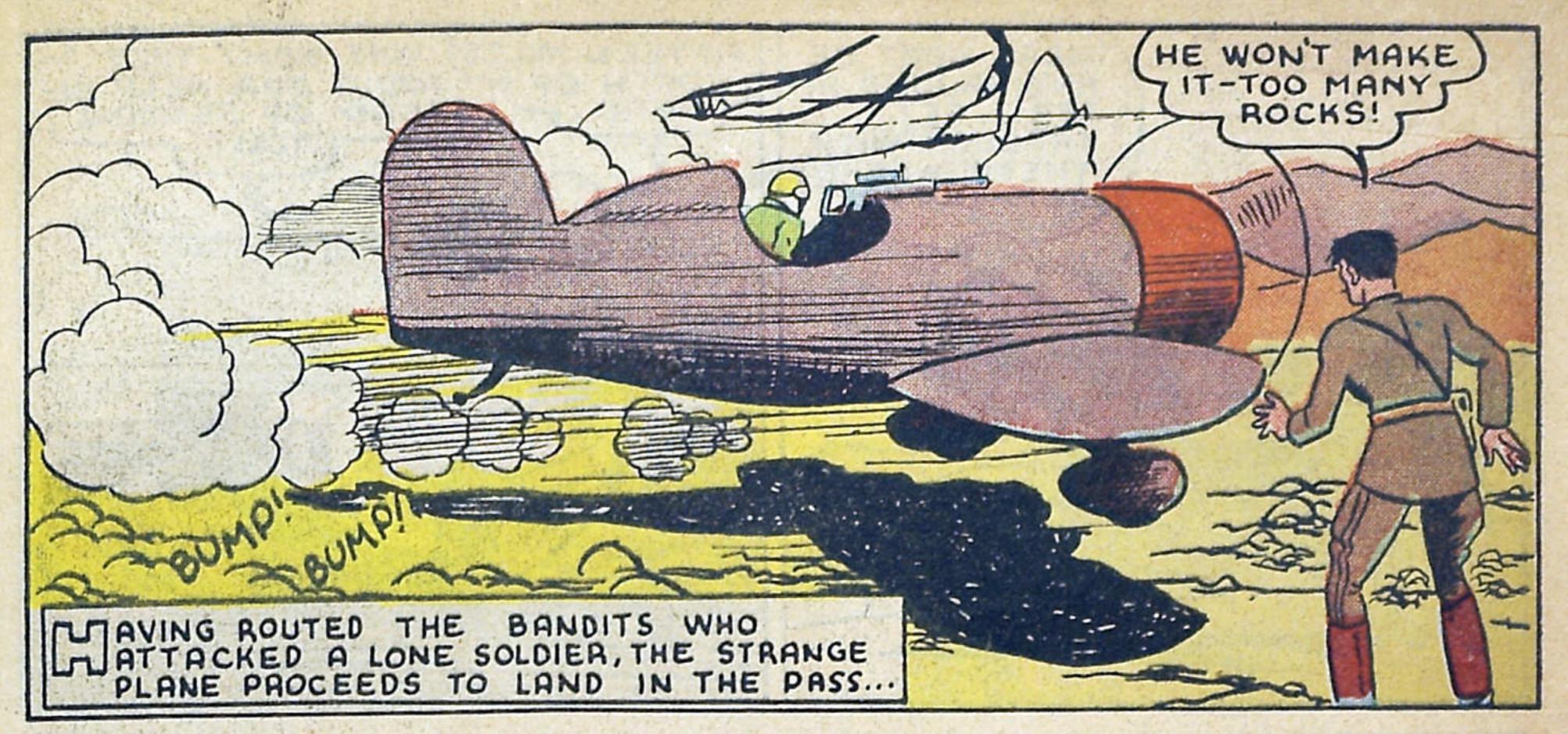








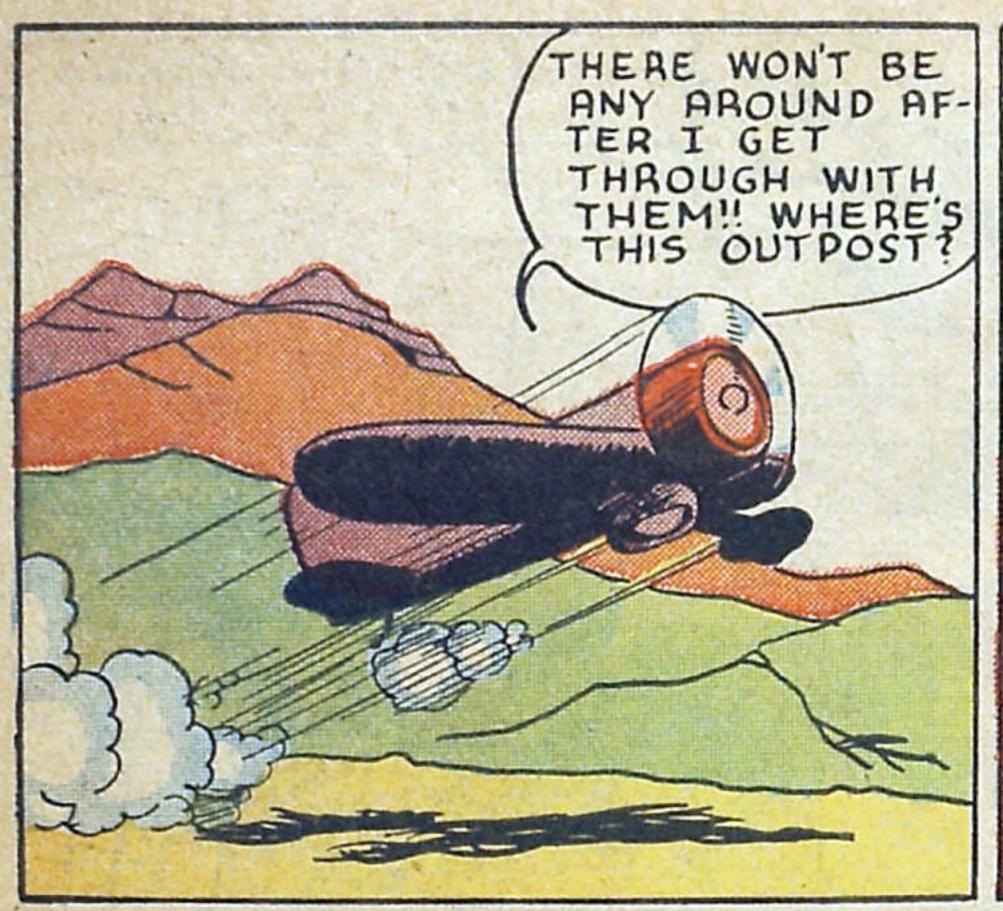


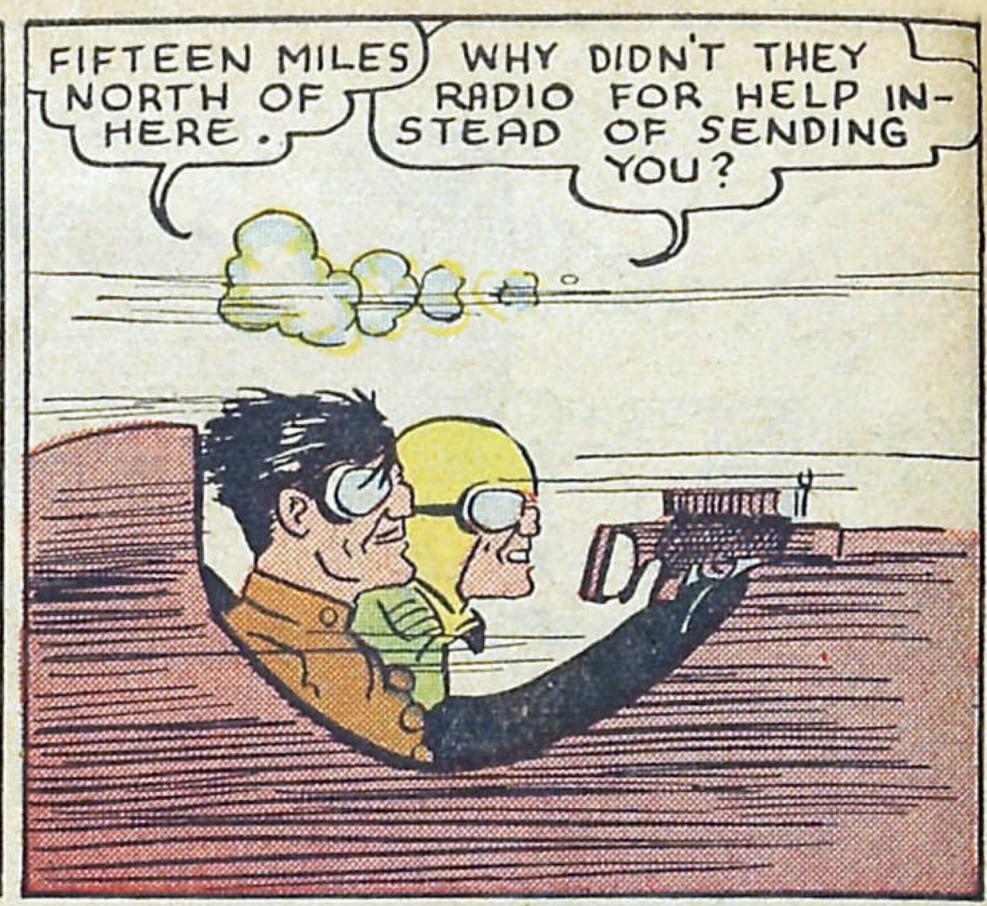


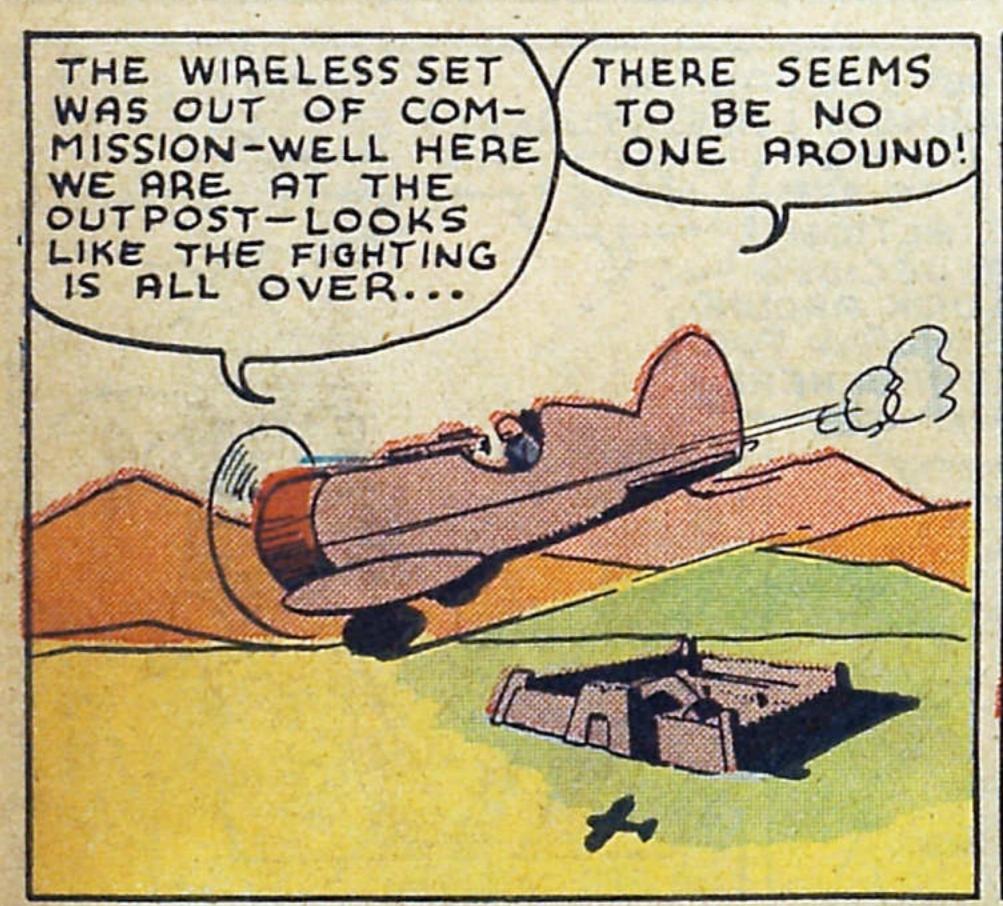


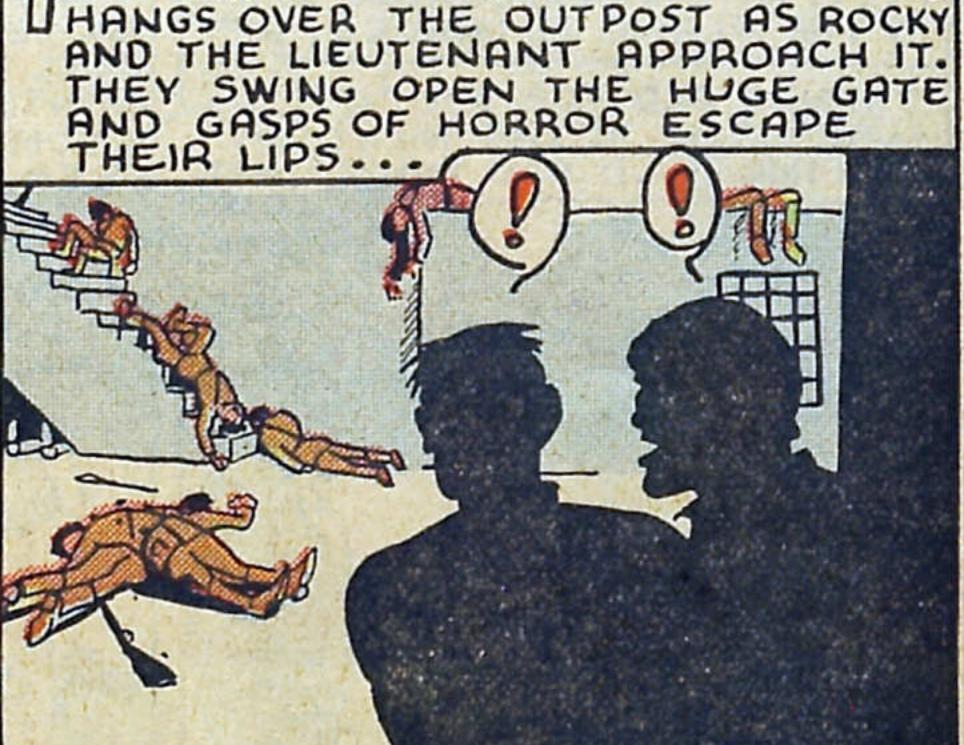
I'M LIEUTENANT STONELEY OF THE
BRITISH ARMY HERE IN INDIA-AND
BY THE WAY, OLD CHAP, I'M IN A SORT
OF BIG HURRY TO GET TO MY FORT
FOR SOME REINFORCEMENTS—THOSE
BLASTED BANDITS ARE ATTACKING ONE
OF OUR OUT POSTS—COULD YOU GIVE
ME A LIFT TO THE FORT?—EVERY
MINUTE COUNTS...









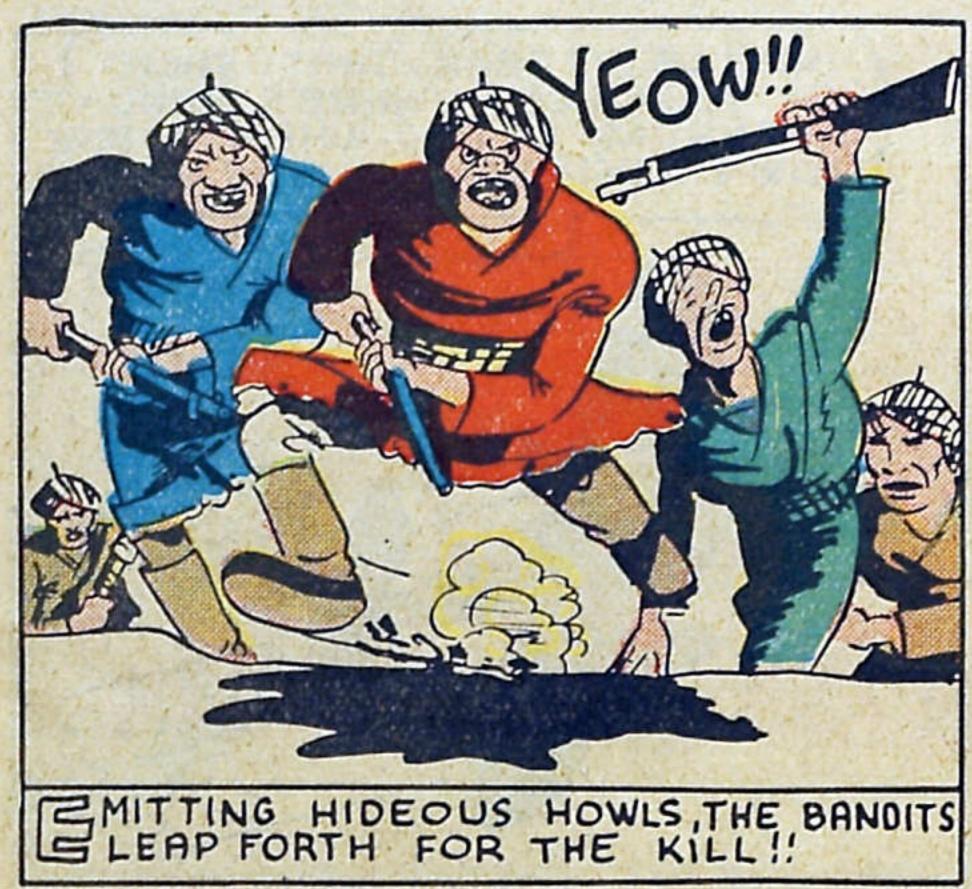


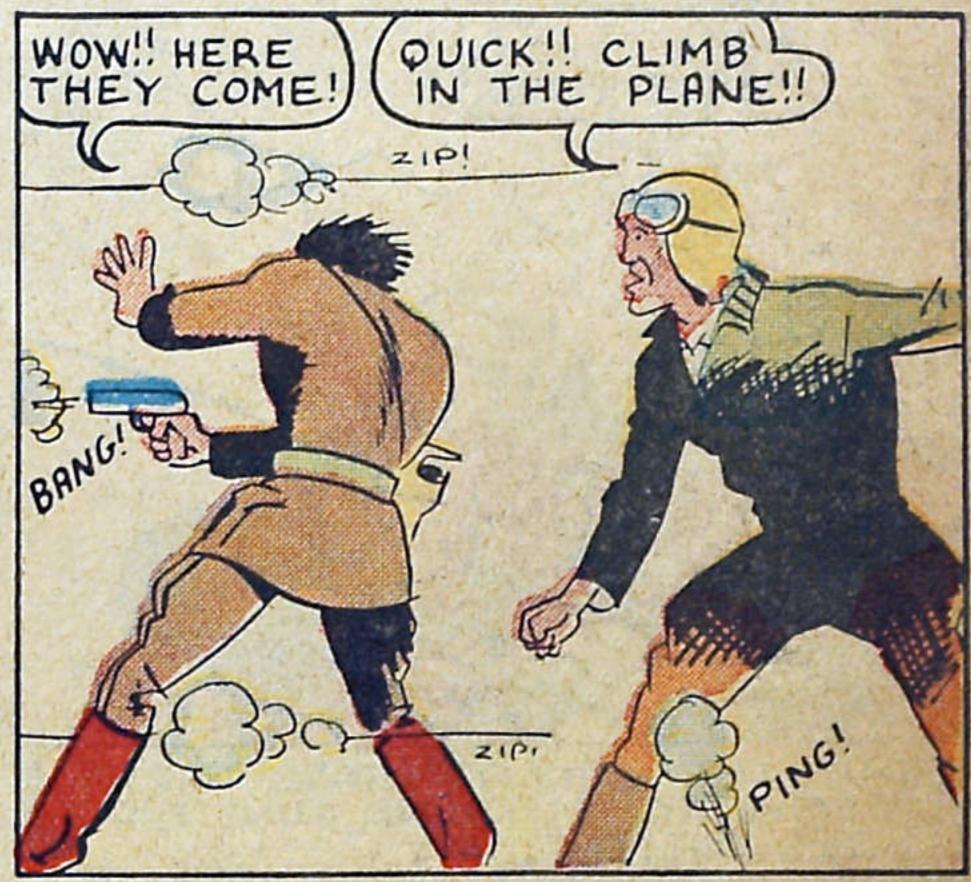
THEY LAND. A TREACHEROUS SILENCE

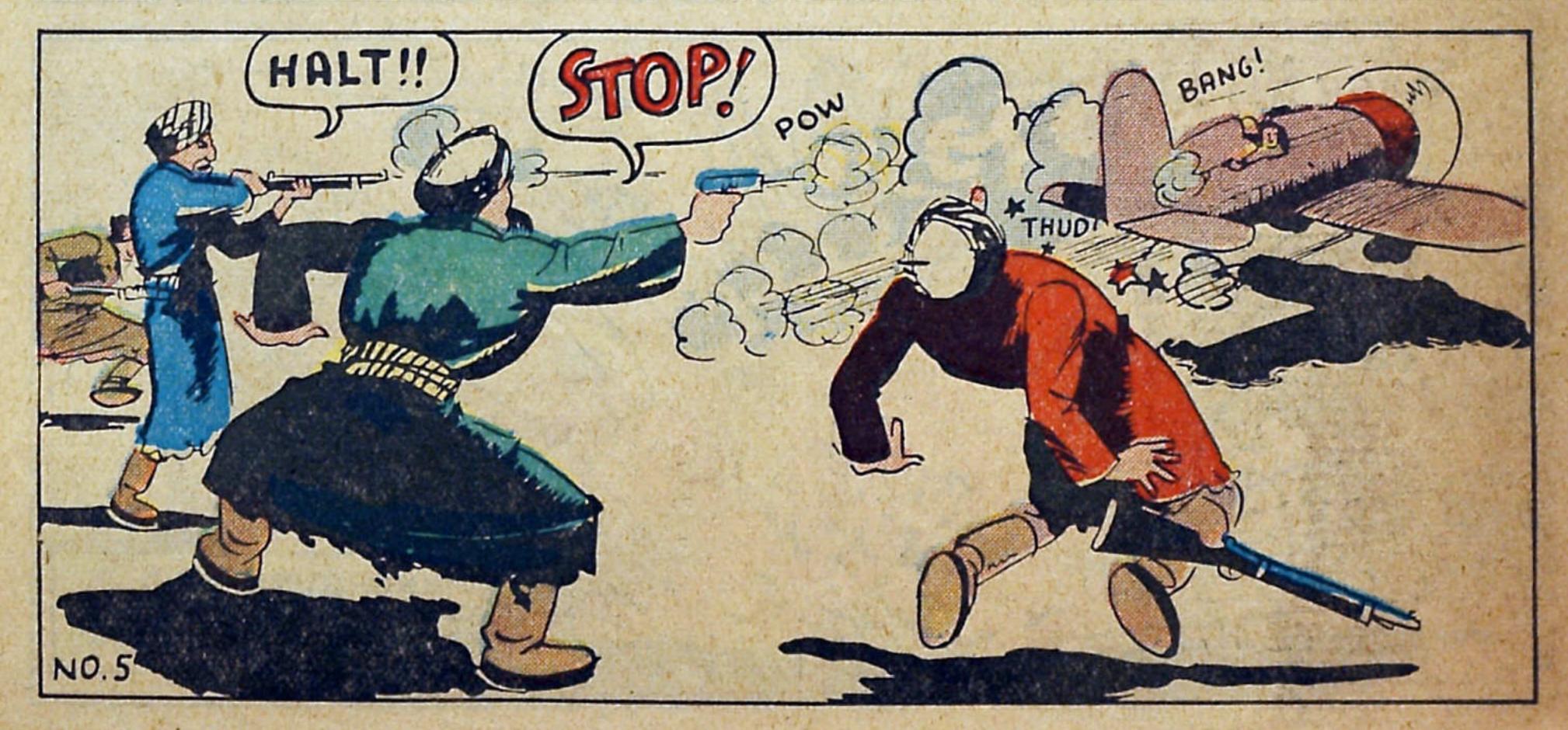


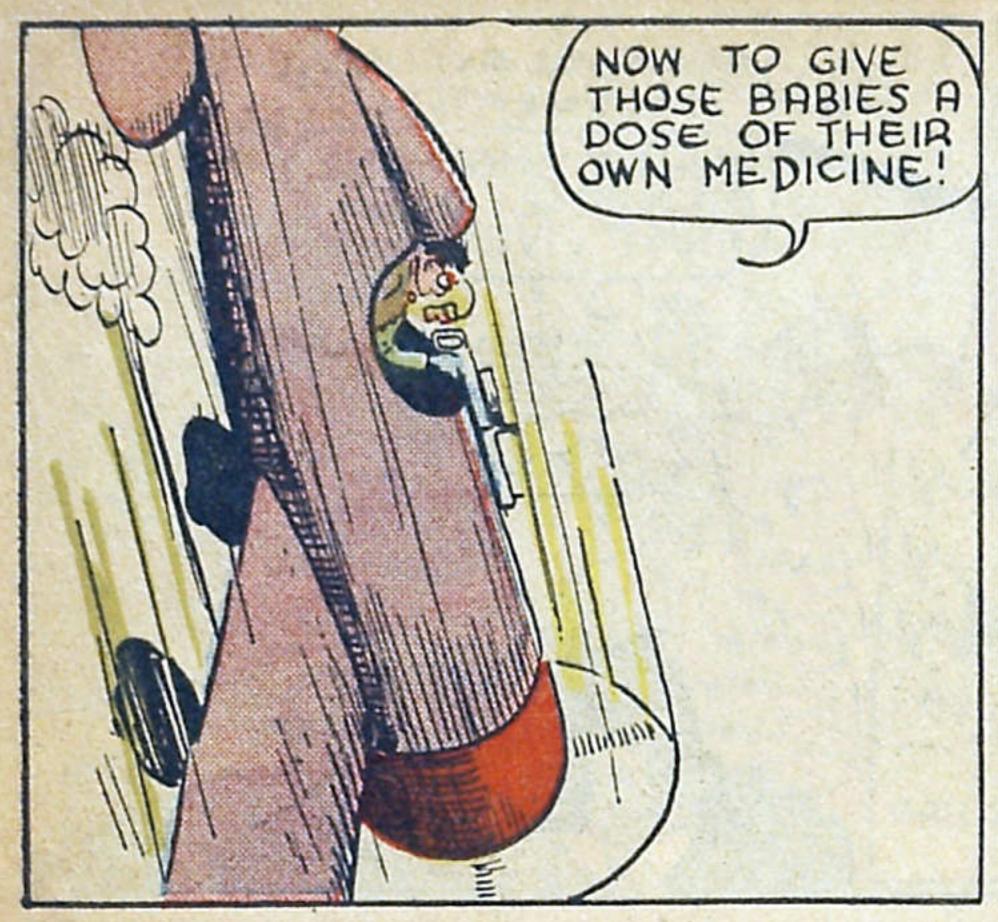


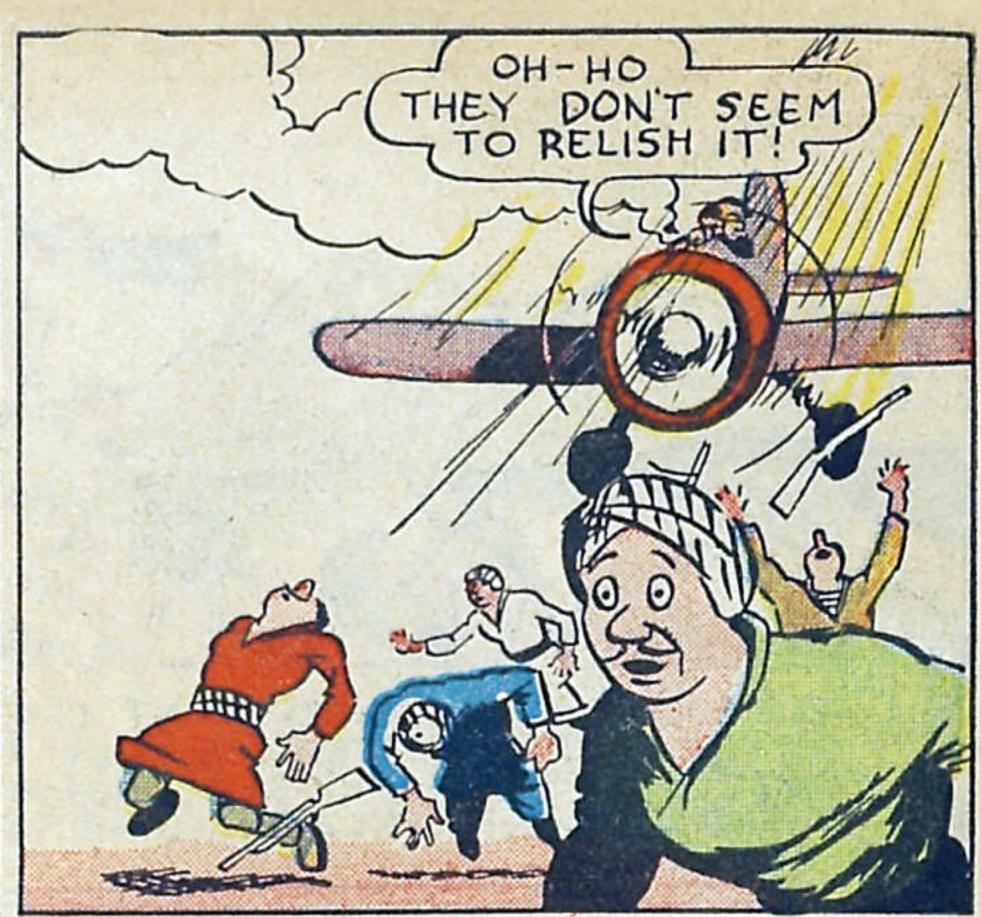




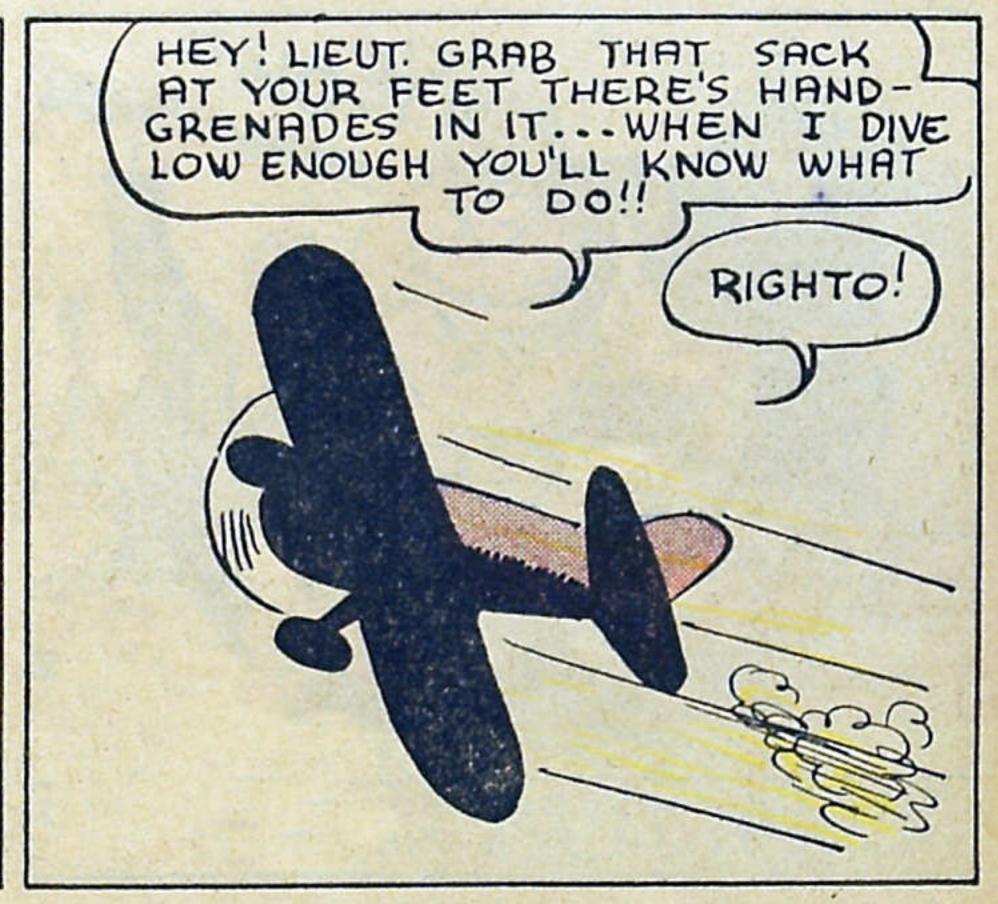


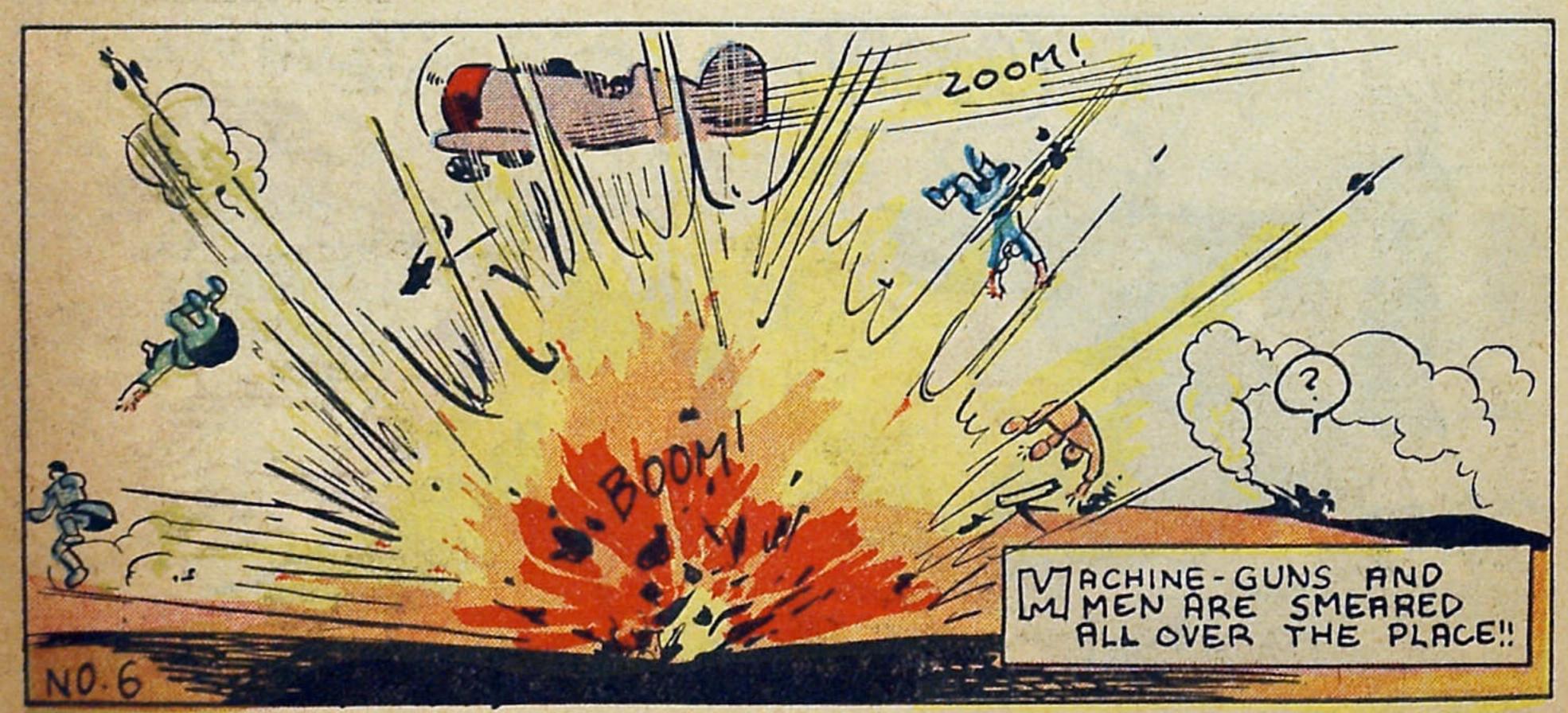


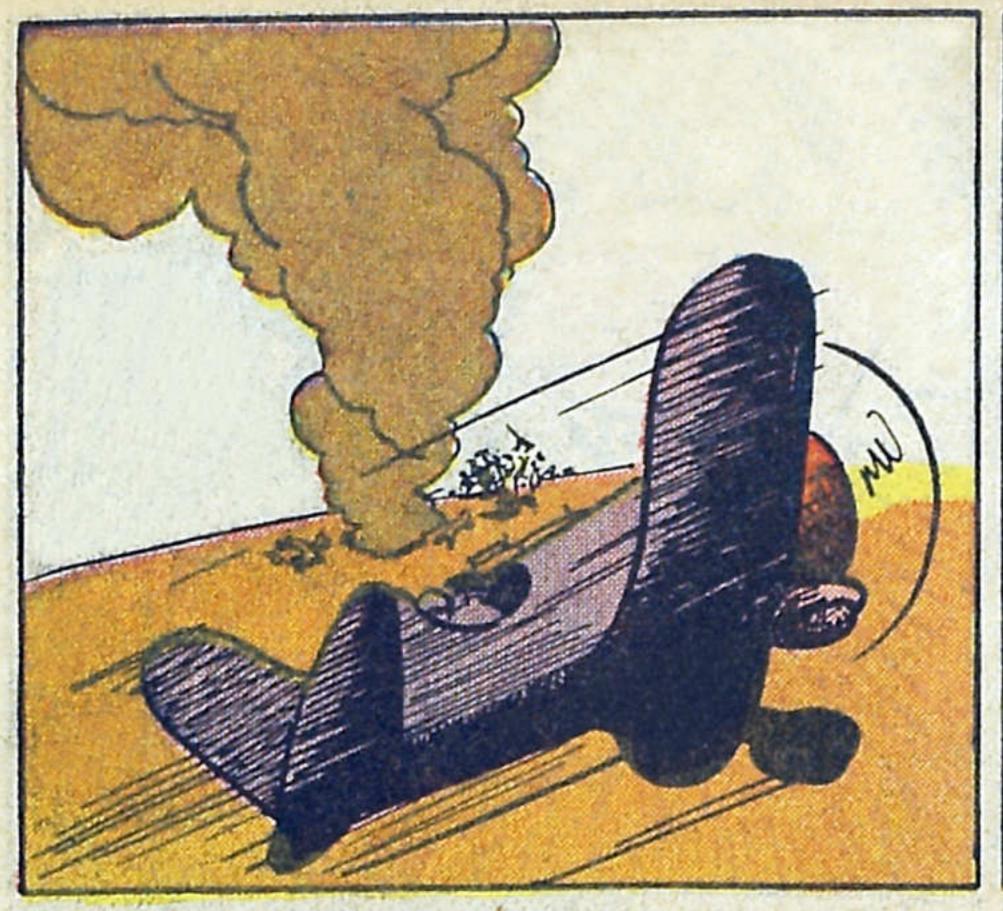


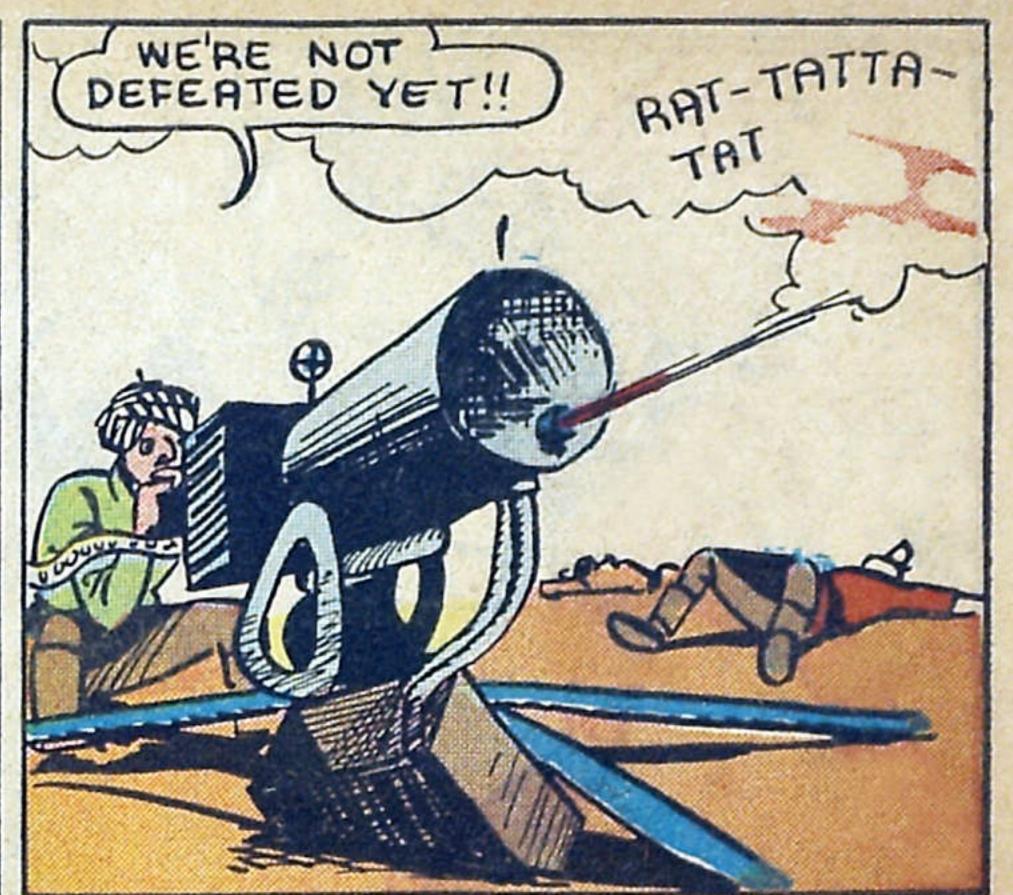


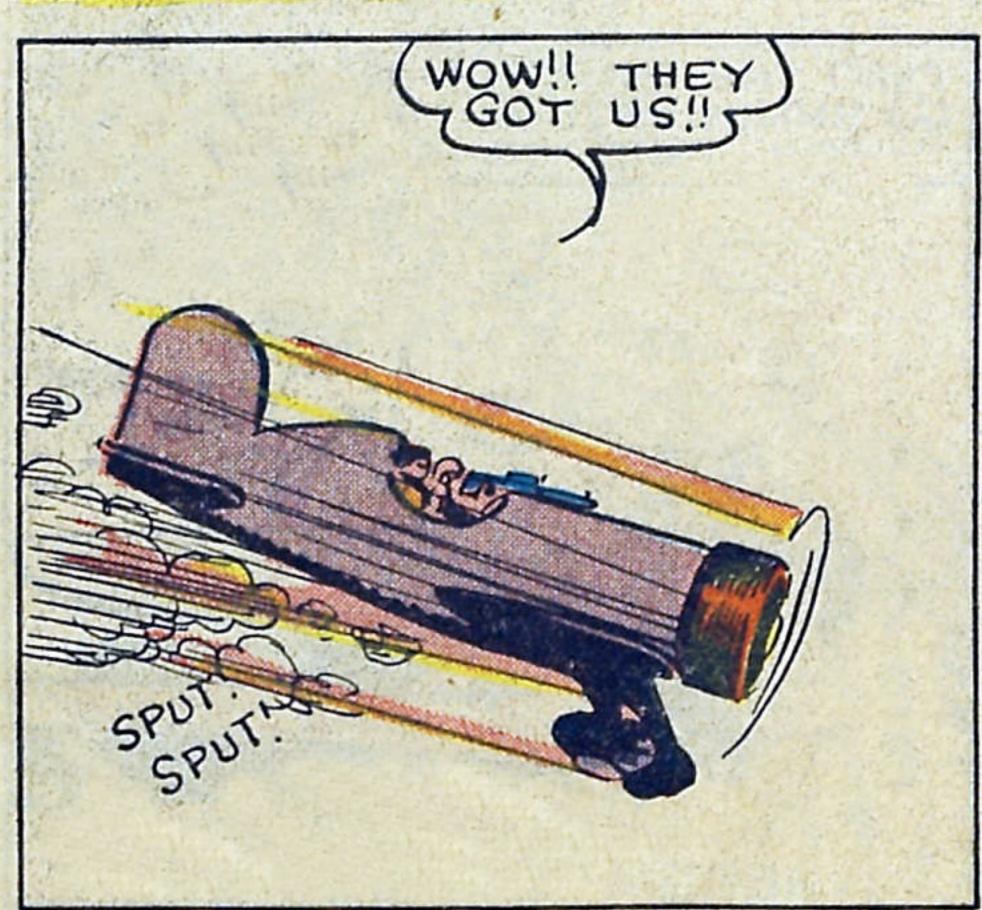


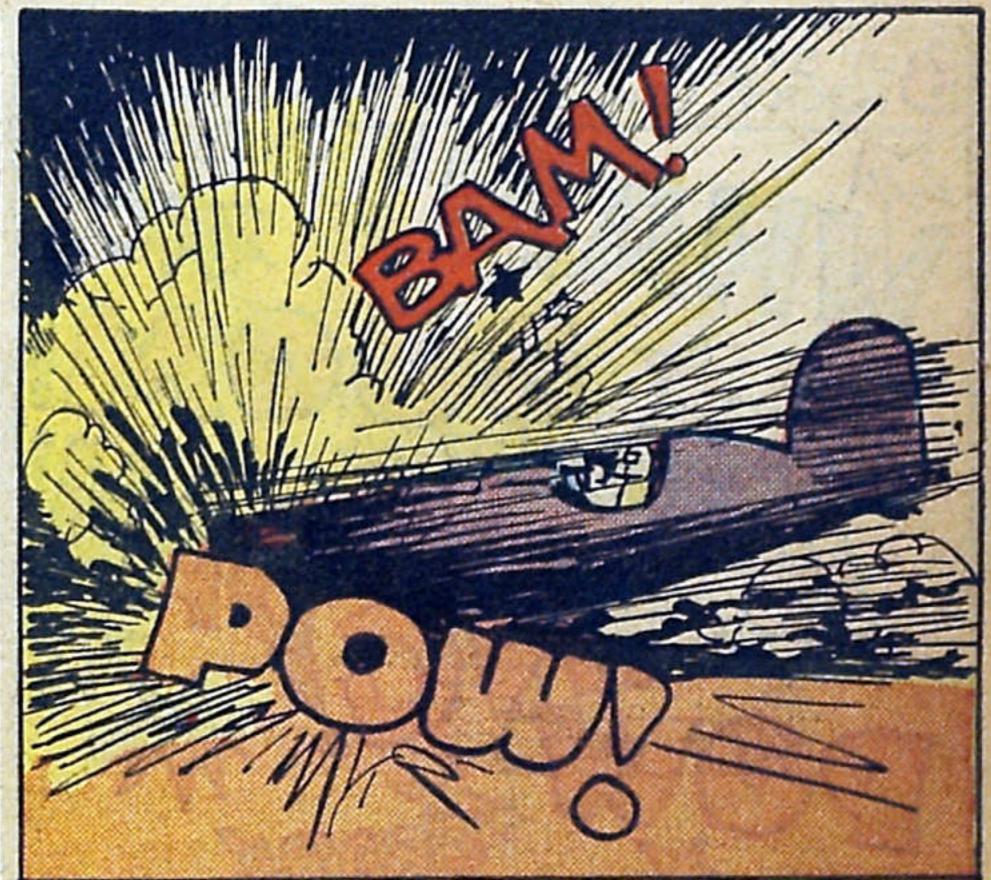


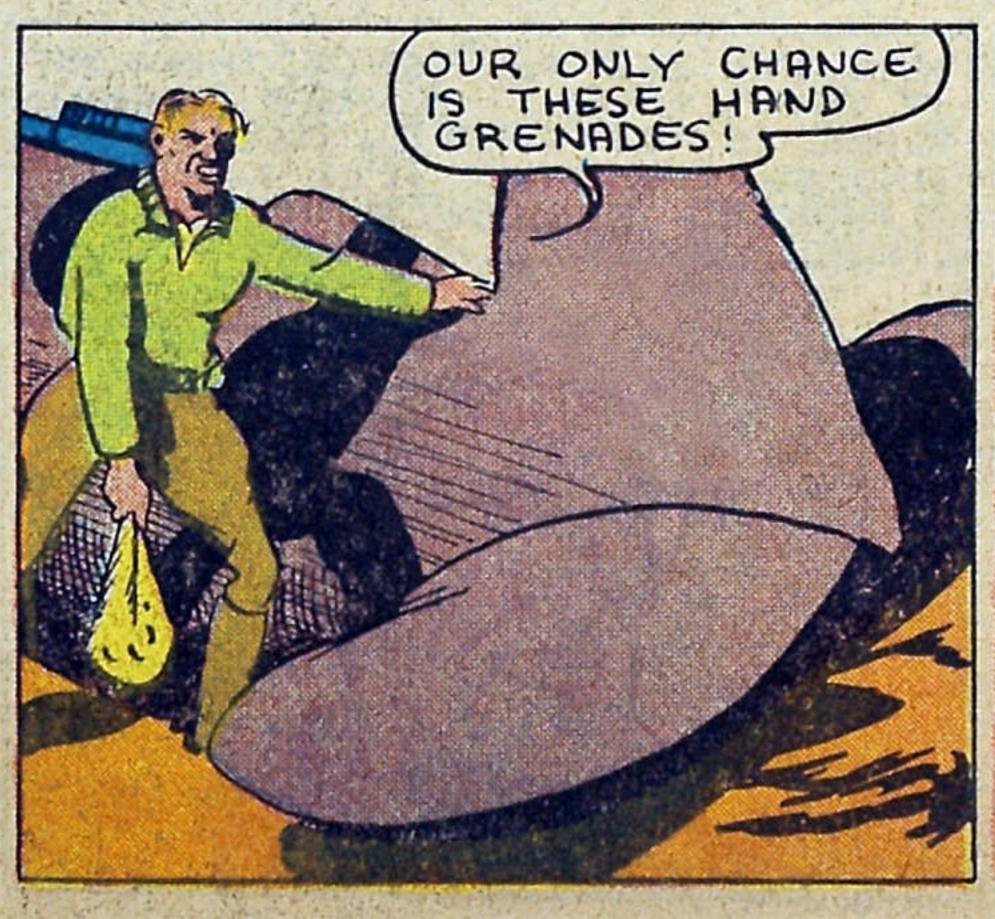


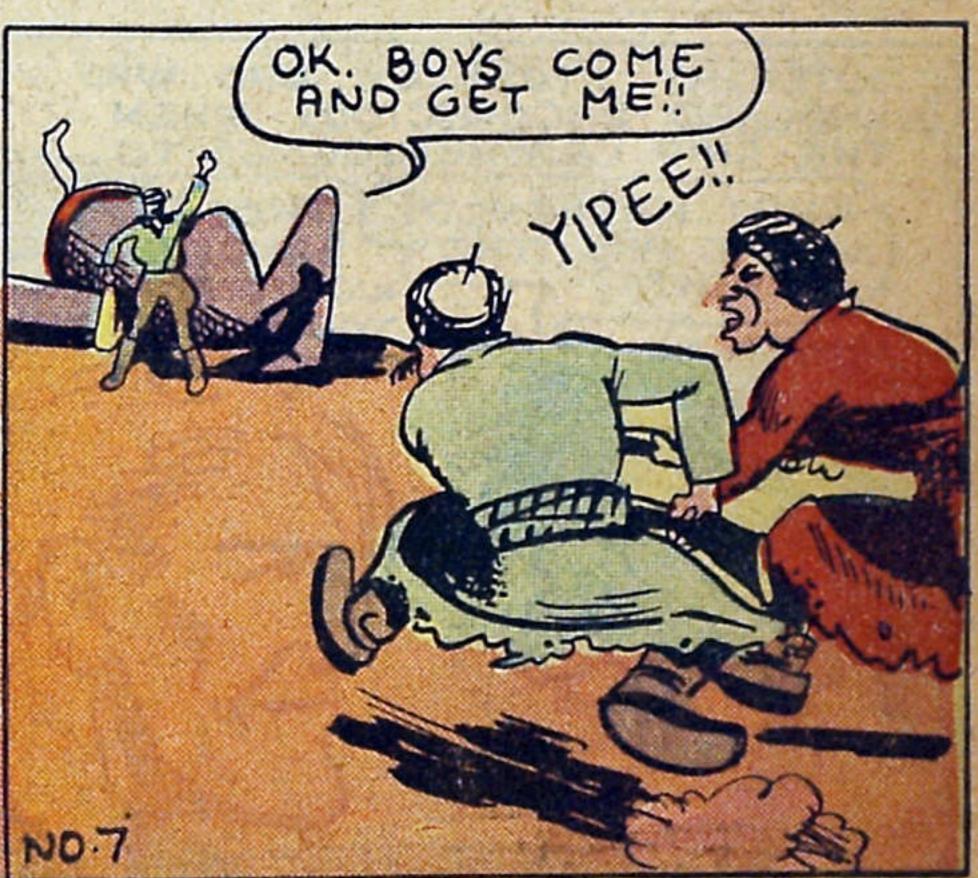


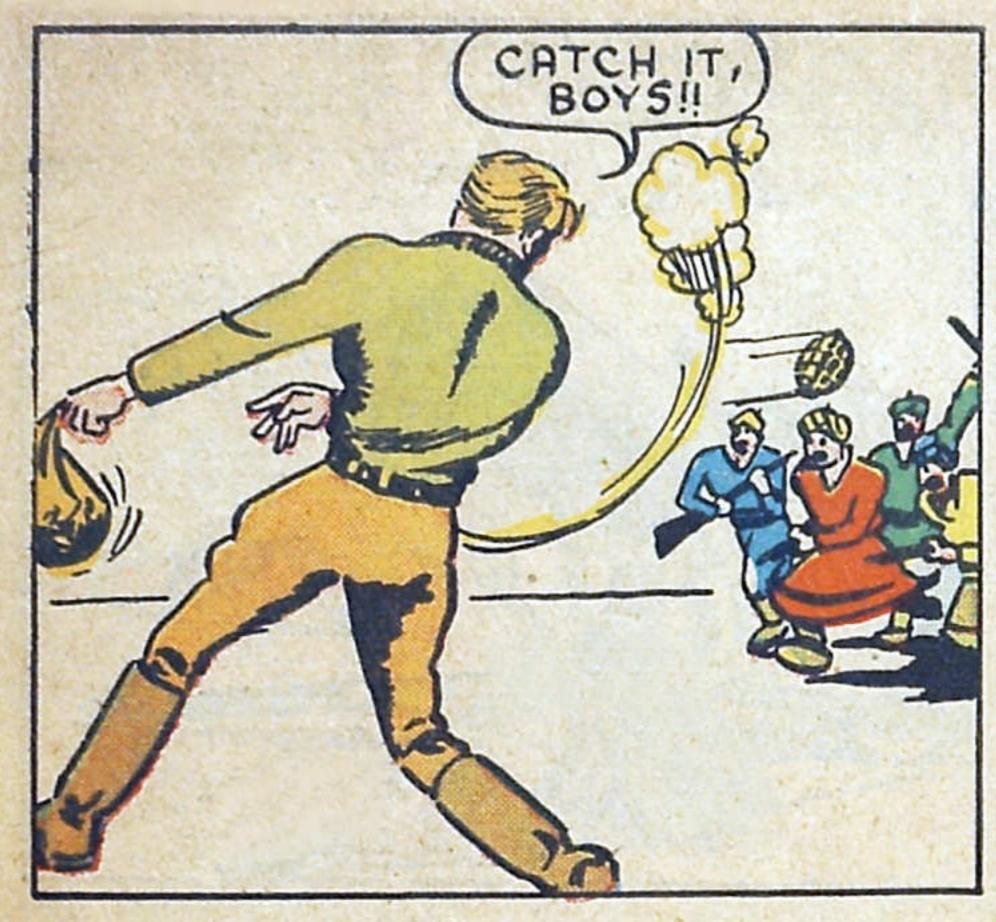


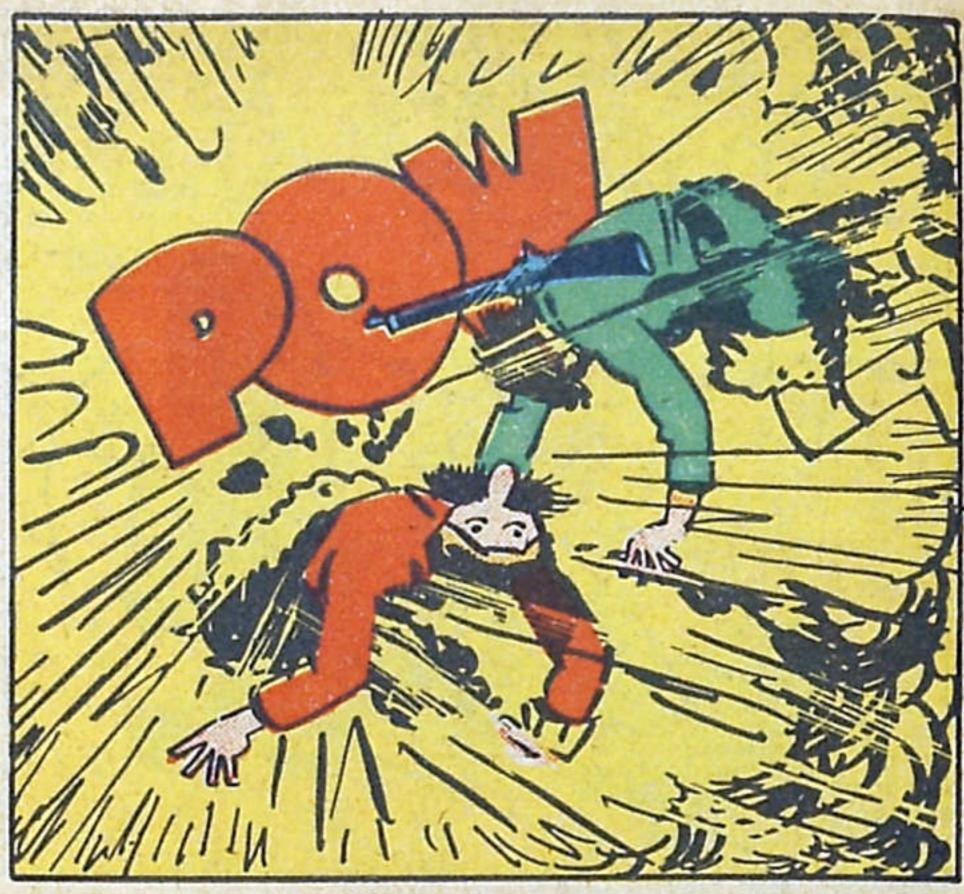




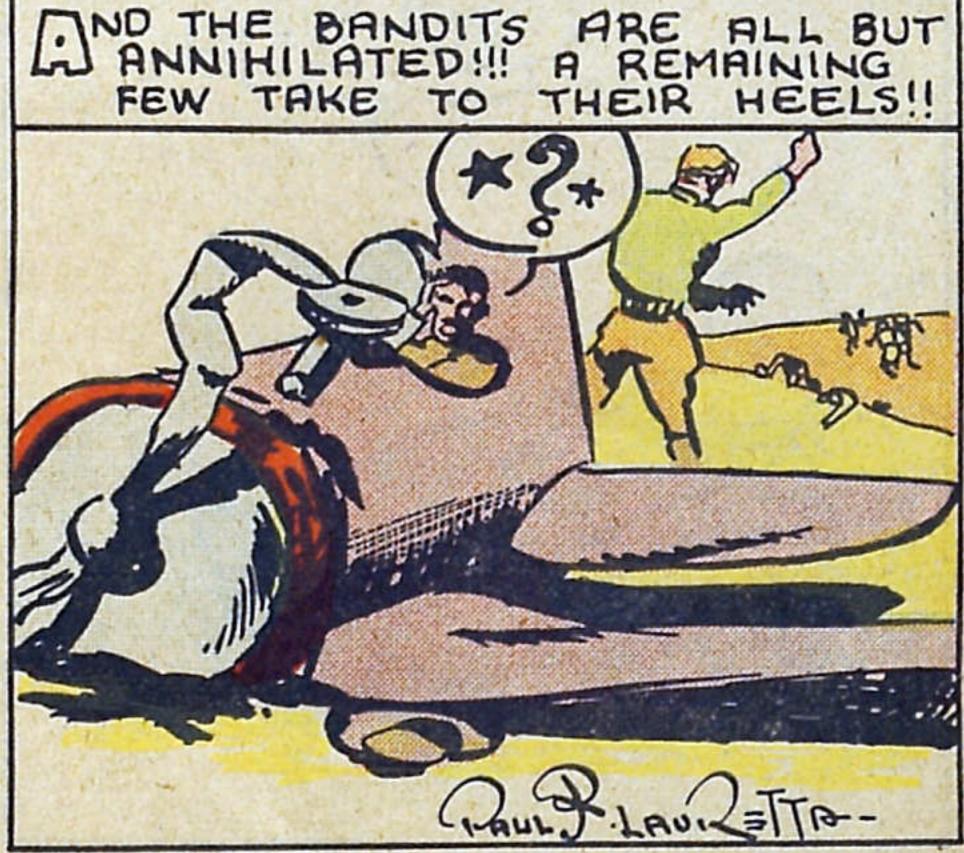


























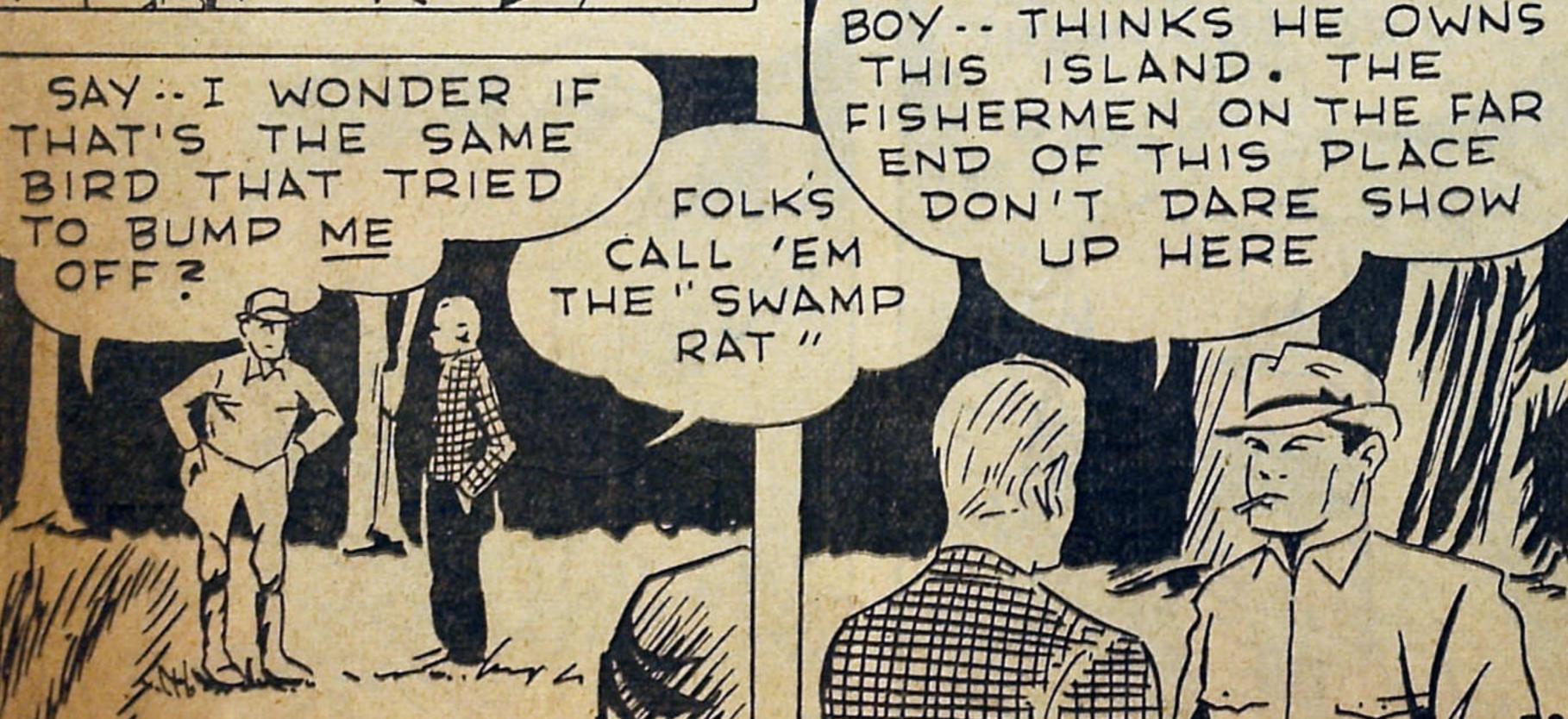








HE'S AN ECCENTRIC OLD







FISHING BEING DULL,
THE FELLOW DECIDES
TO VISIT THE SWAMP
SECTION AGAIN

I'LL STICK AROUND
THIS PLACE UNTIL
I MEET THAT
GIRL AGAIN . GOSH!









BEFORE ANOTHER WORD WAS SPOKEN, THE 'SWAMP RAT" JUMPED FROM THE BUSHES --







THE SPORTSMAN HAD

FALLEN INTO

QUICKSAND!! HE STARTED

TO SINK!!



THE GIRL, SCREAMING, WAS TAKEN AWAY --



ME WAS BEING PULLED DOWN, HIS STRENGTH WAS LEAVING HIM AND HIS FAINT SHOUT FOR HELP WAS IN VAIN.





ALOG WAS LYING ACROSS THE DEADLY BLACK MUD -- THE MAN HUNG ON --

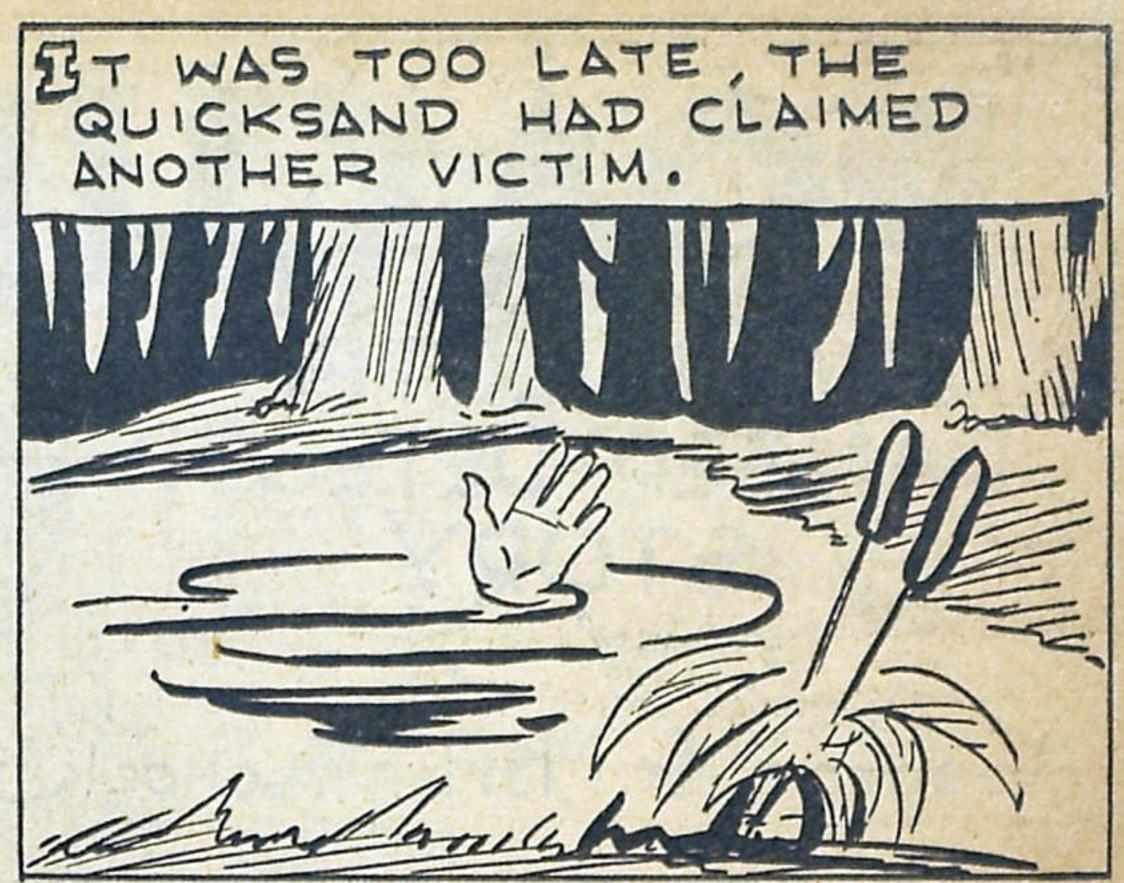


SUDDENLY, THE GIRL APPEARED, SOBBING AND TERRIFIED.









I CAN LEAVE THIS

FATHER .

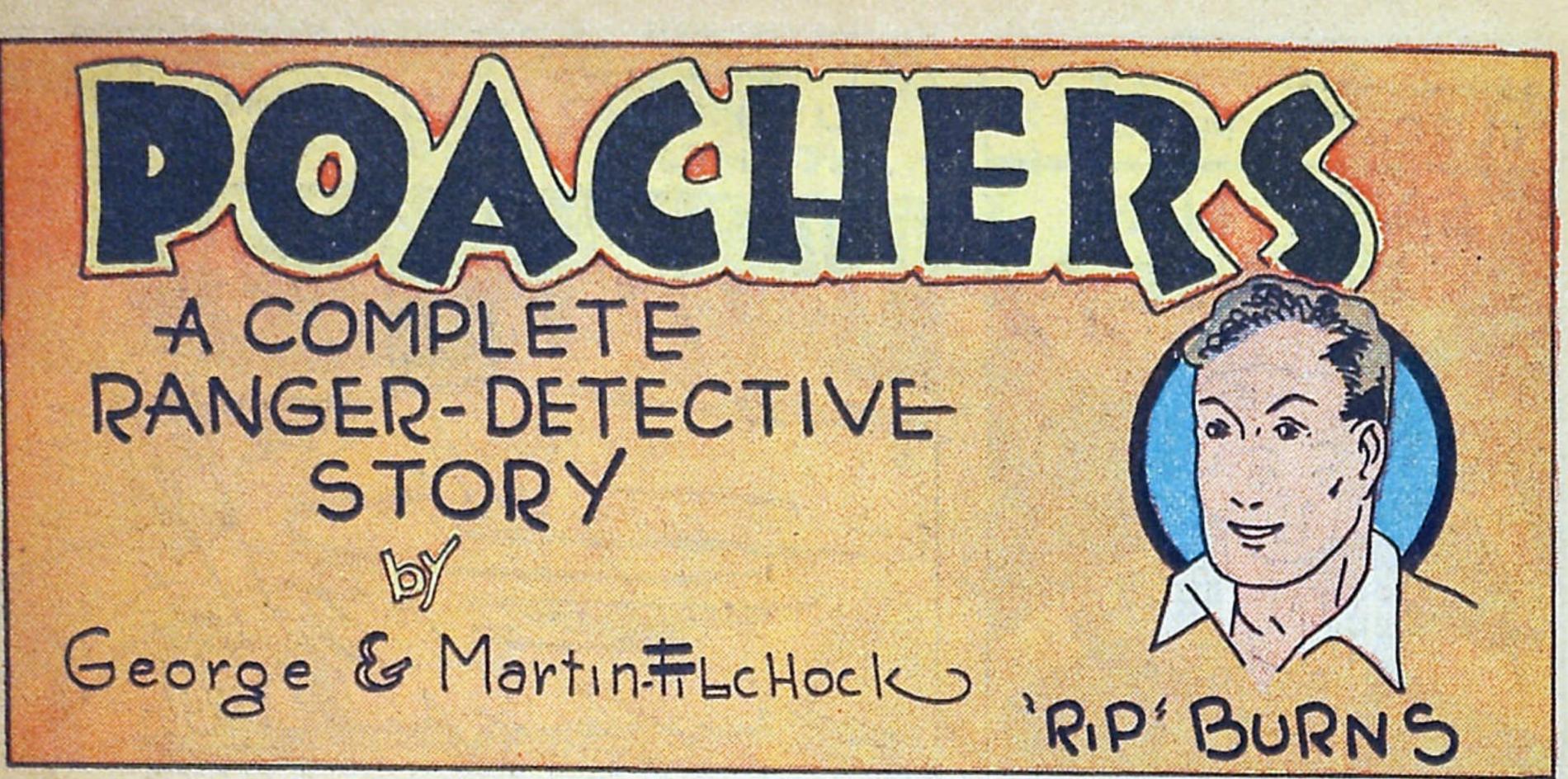
PLACE NOW, FOREVER. YOU SEE .. HE WAS MY

YOUR

FATHER!



















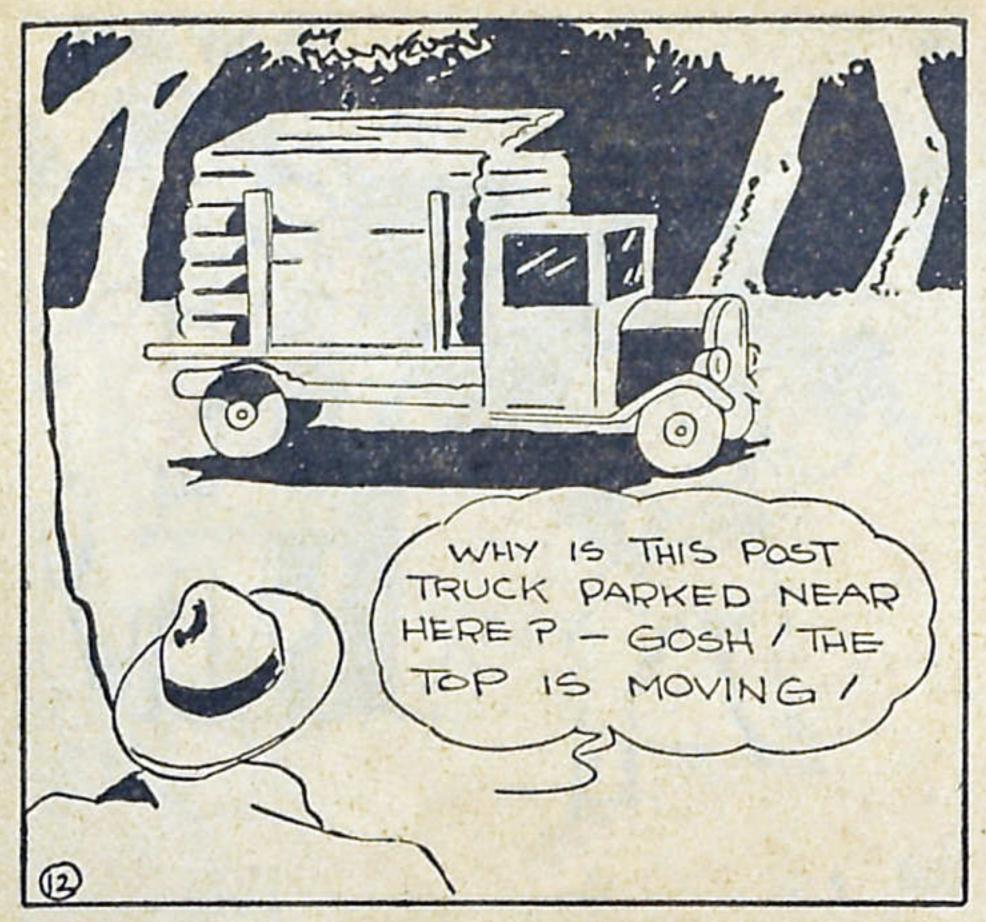






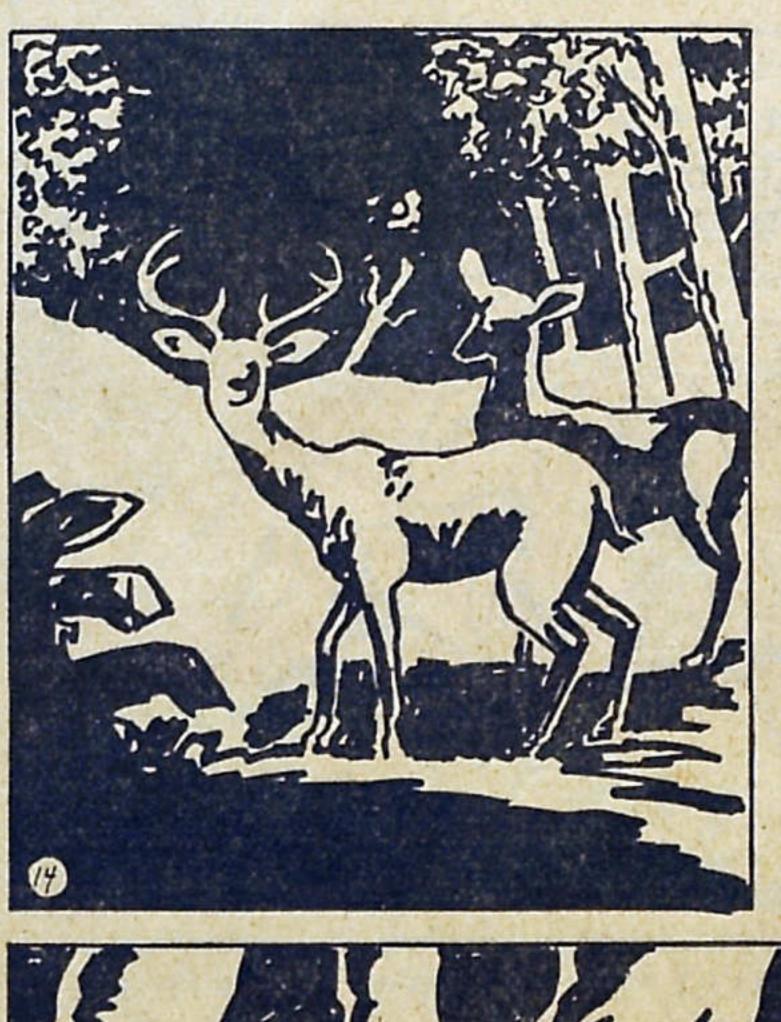


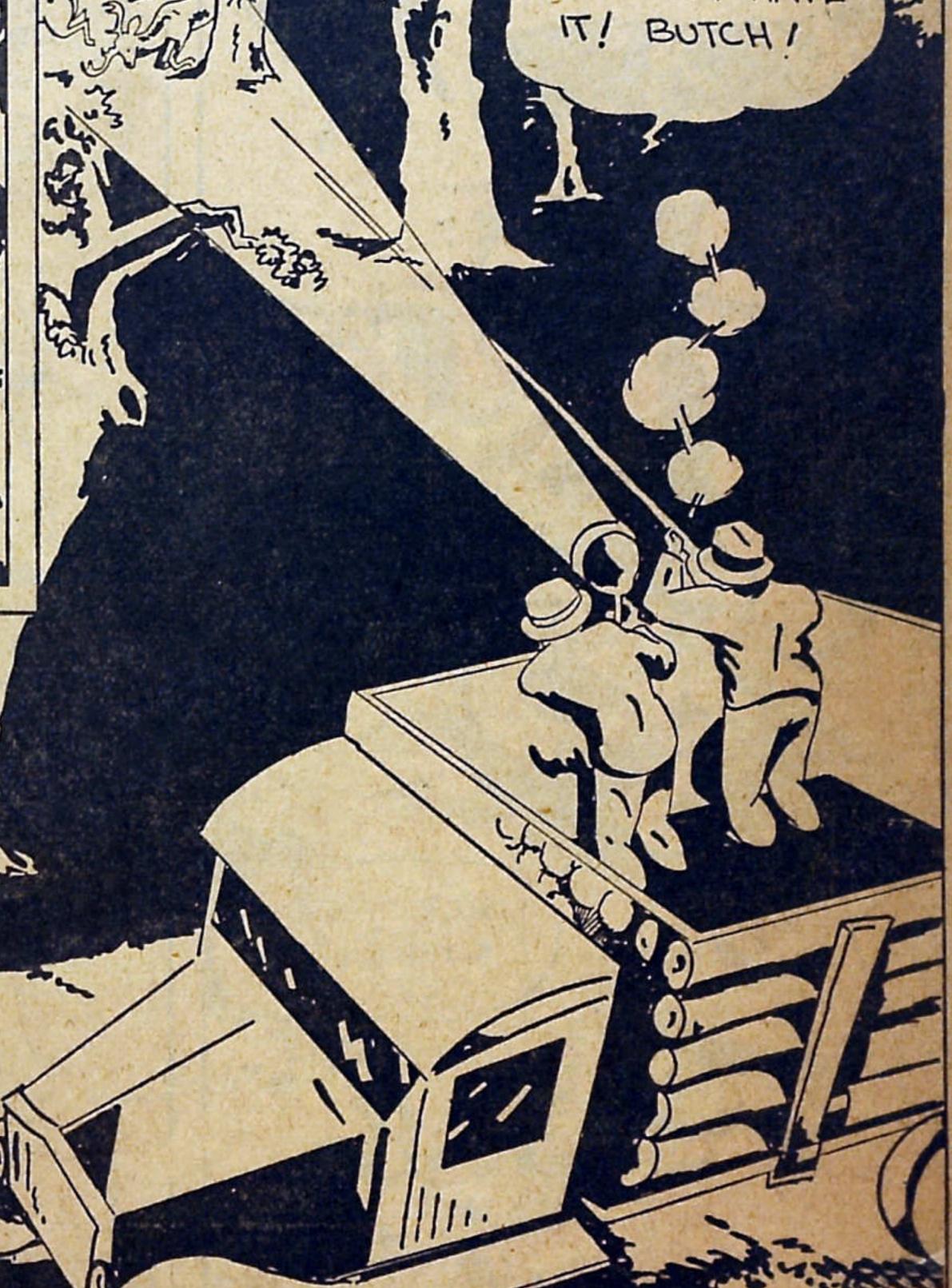






LET 'EM HAVE

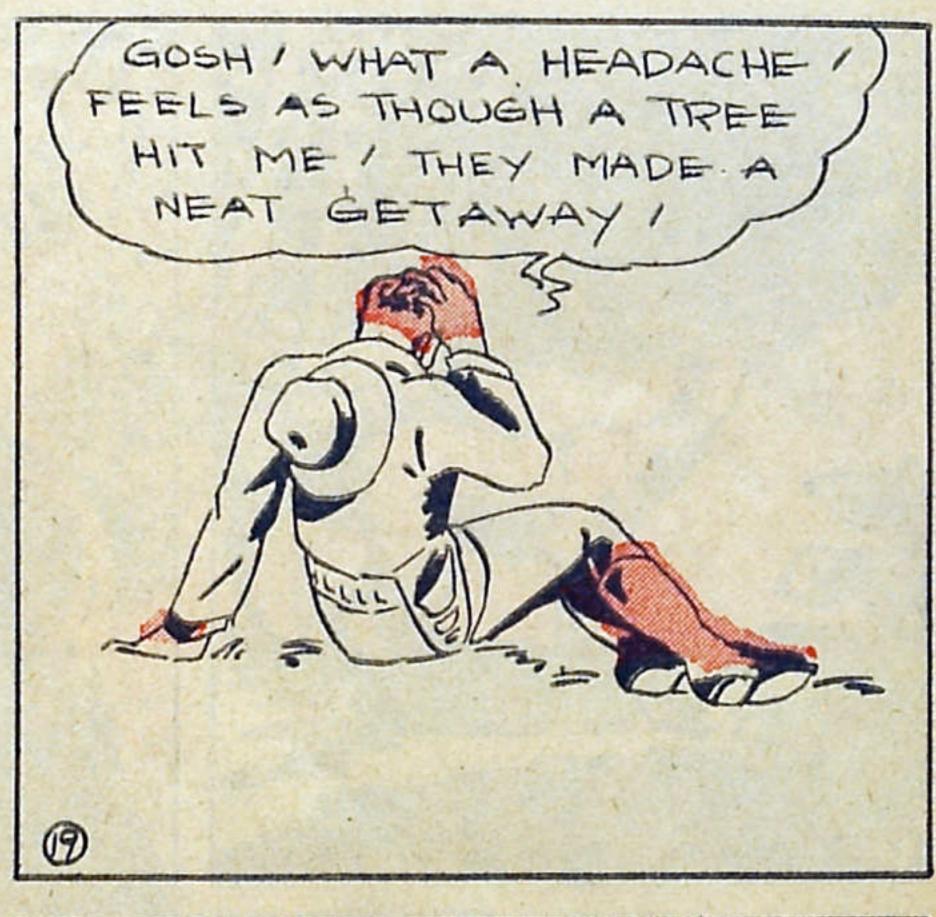


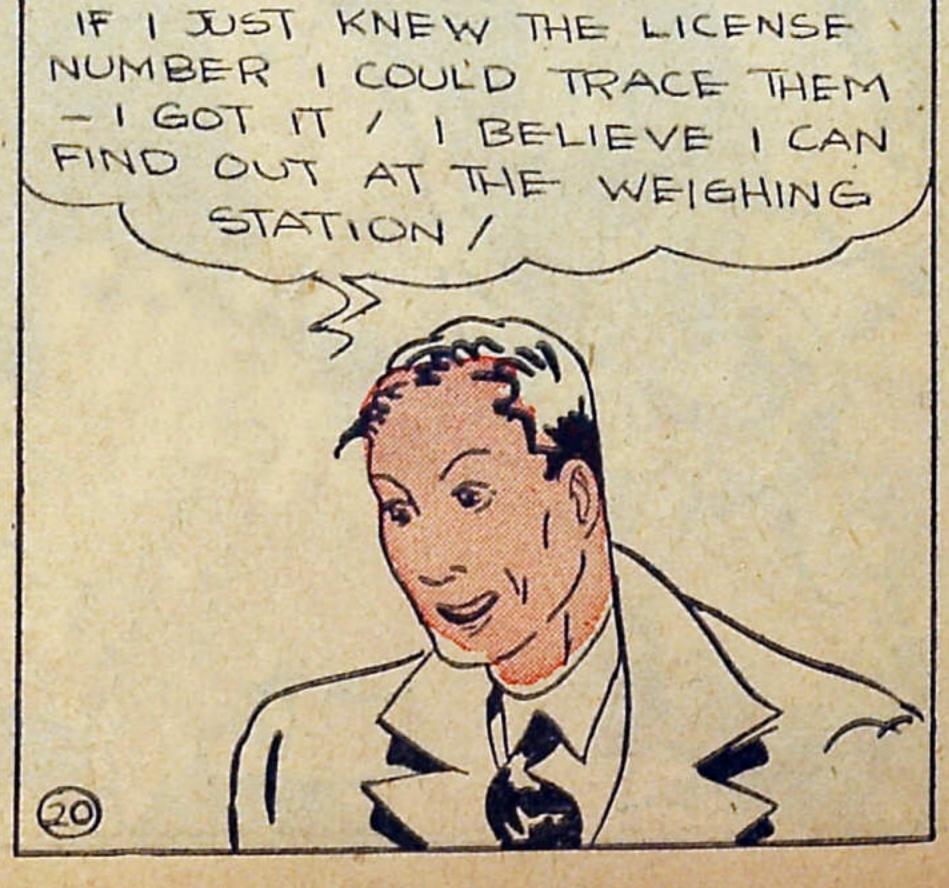


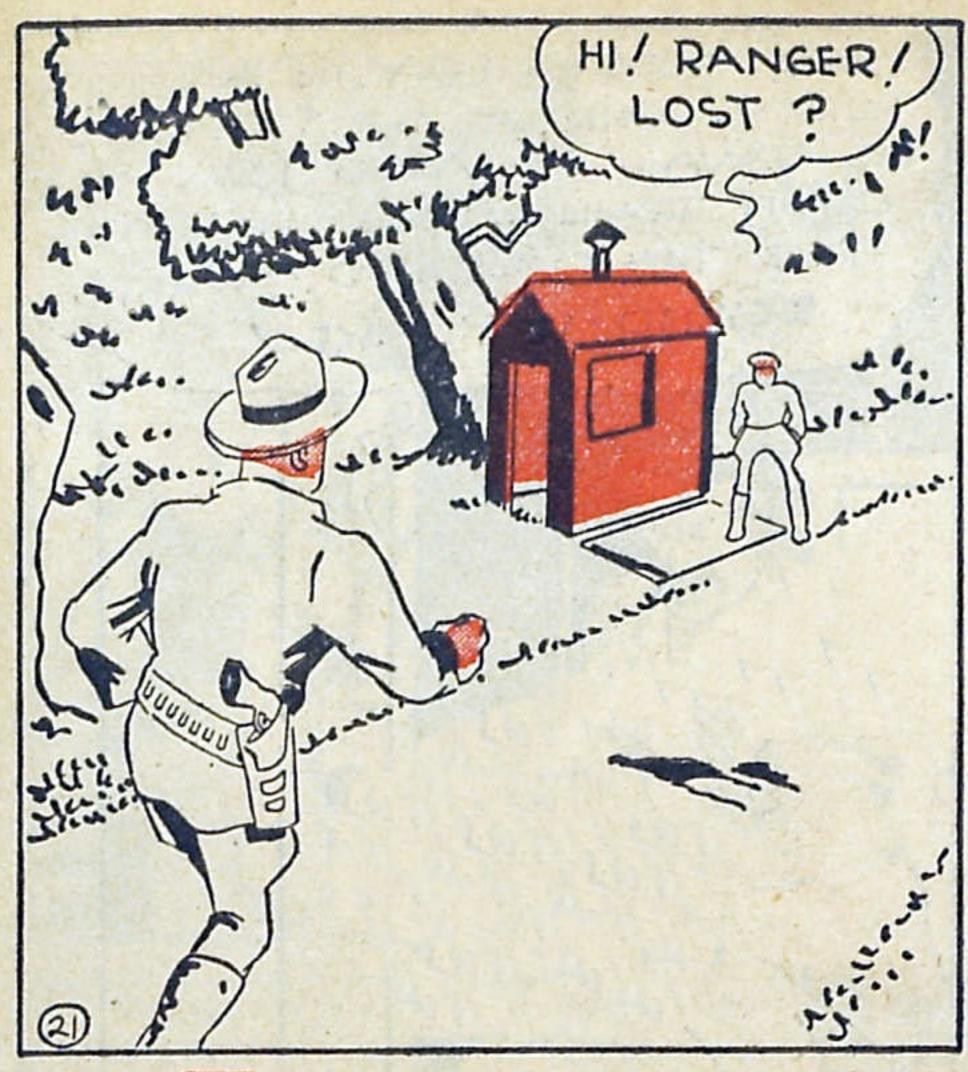






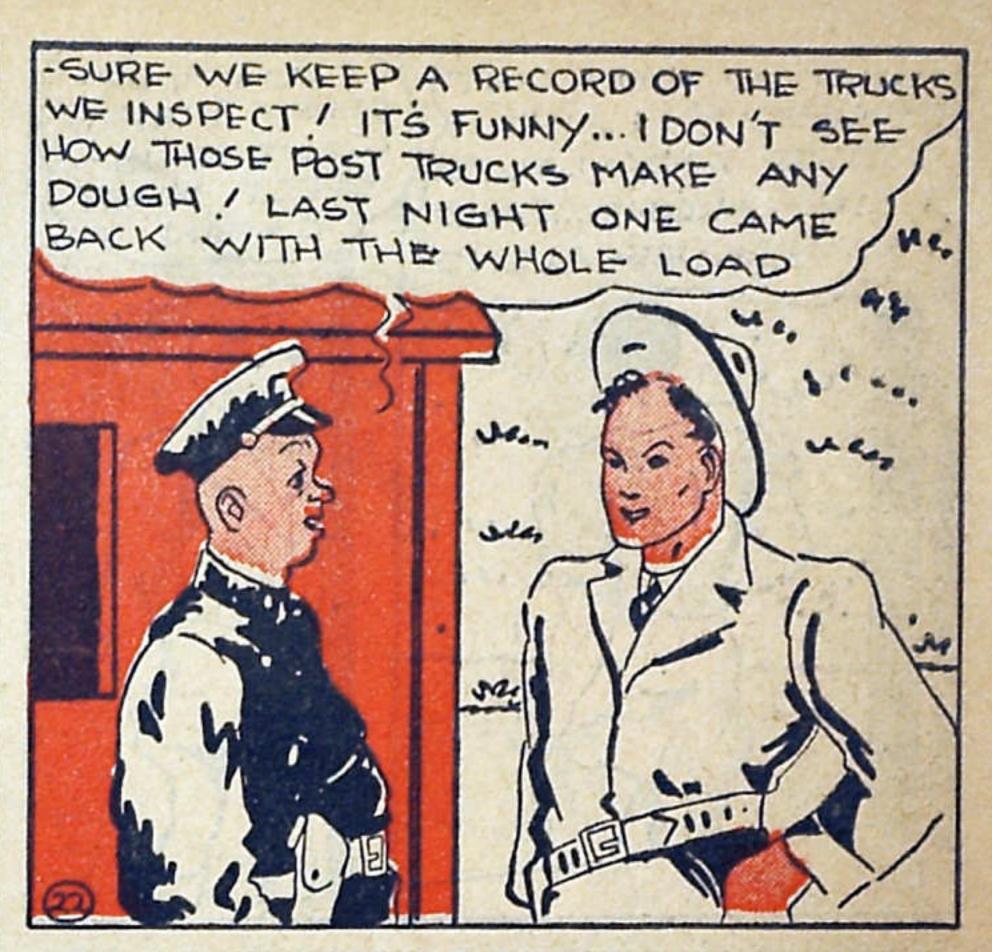




















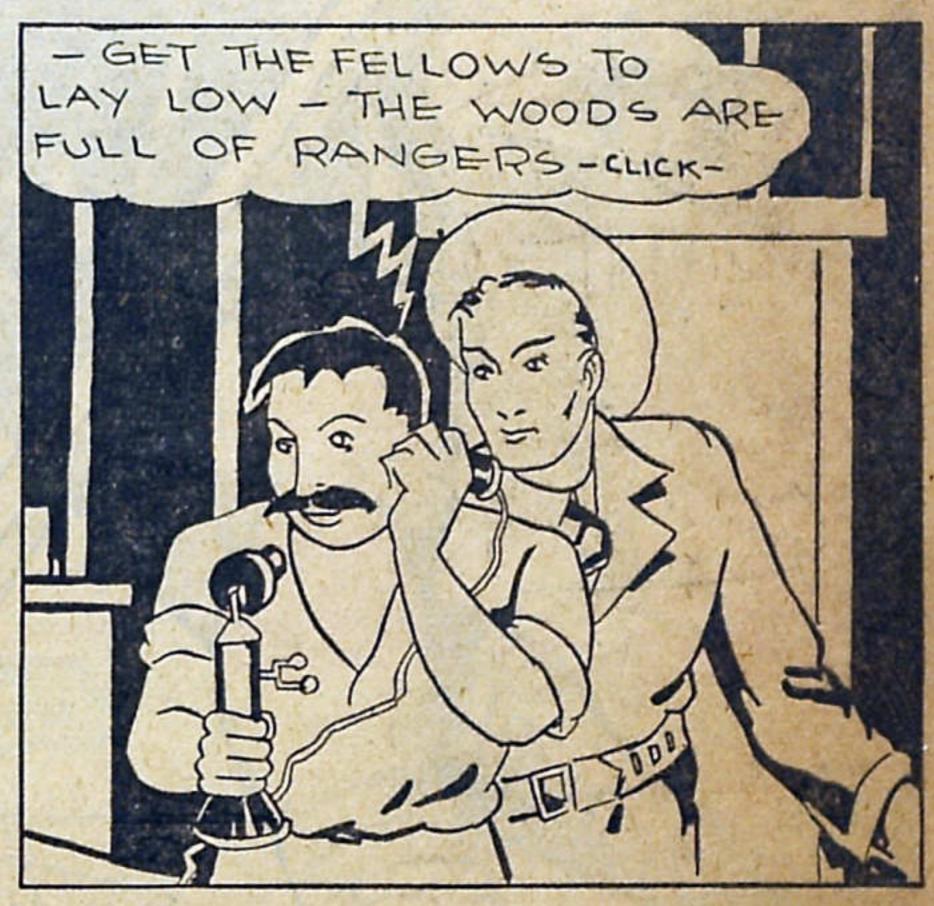




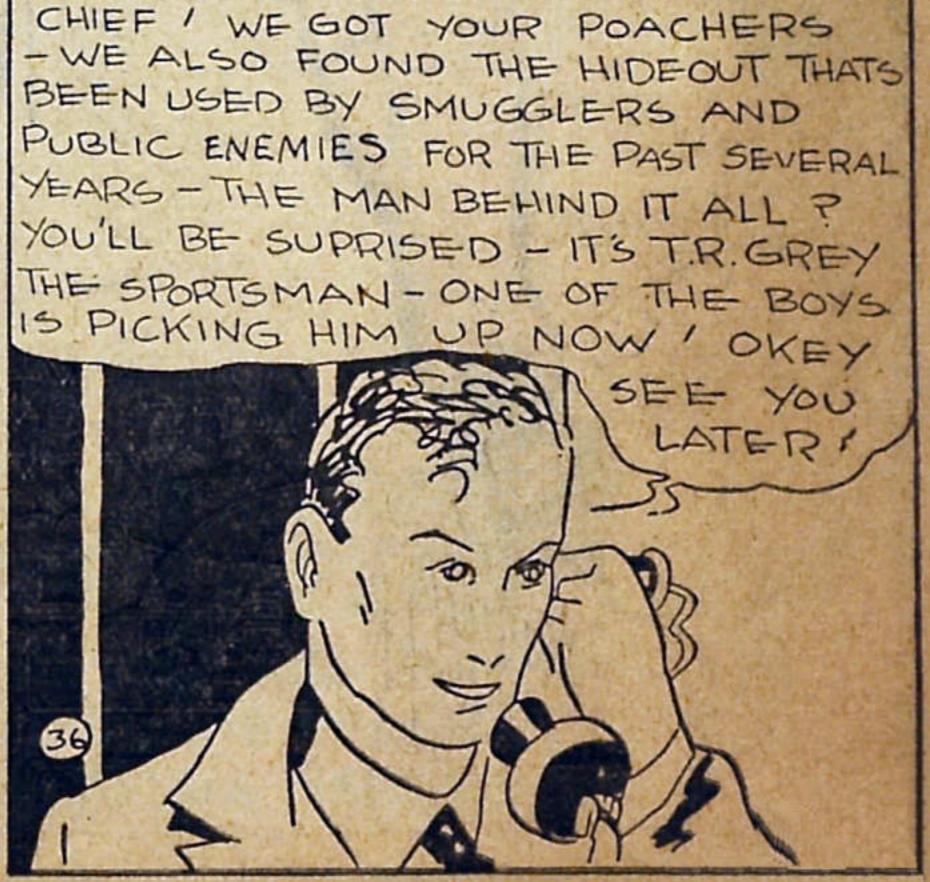








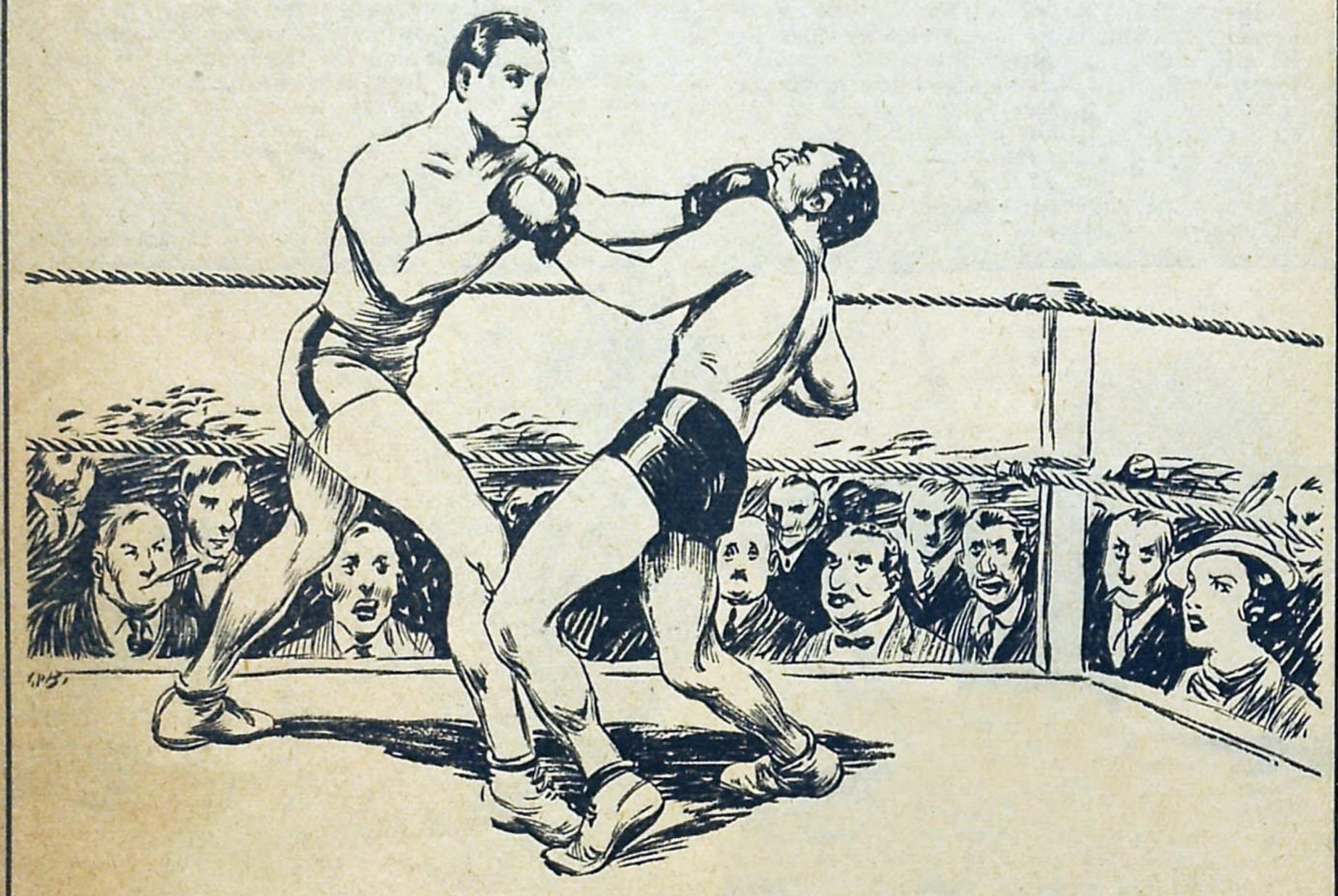








Battling Beau Brummel



The thrilling life story of an American boy who crossed gloves with tate—

by MALCOLM BRUCE

S CALLY CRANDON was a pal who would go the limit for his friend, but the Owl was in stir and, from the looks of things, he would be there for a long, long time. Actual murder, however, was too much, too dangerous with the bulls hot on their trails. The Owl had sent out word for the gang to "get" the guy who had handed him over into the clutches of the law.

Therefore Beau Brummel, or "Fighting Bob" as some men now began to call him, was a marked man. He was being followed closely and watched. Scally Crandon saw to it that the "dude" was always within reach. When Scally was not trailing him, one of the others was. Already this fighting fool had bested him in a rough-and-tumble battle on the avenue, but Scally had pulled a boner when he had picked that spot. Too near the corner. Next time they nailed him he would stay down and would be carried away in small baskets or left to be eaten by the stray cats.

Even had Bob known this, it is quite unlikely that it would have altered his mode of living. He divided his time between the Beresford home and the country club, to all appearances giving but slight attention to the real estate business which he had started shortly after the war. This was now running successfully and the general work of the organization was in the hands of able employees. He was seen now and again at numerous society affairs, but Providence stalked silently by his side.

Several times he narrowly escaped the downward path of a blackjack in the shadows, but he emerged each time without even the knowledge that his health had been threatened. In fact it began to appear to him that life was becoming rather monotonous; the days were dull.

It was one of these days that he called on Helen to invite her to drive out to the Seven-Fences for dinner and a dance or two. Helen handed him a laugh in the form of an introduction to Mister Carvington Sheldon Letheridge. A wee mustache, pink and white complexion, very blonde, almost yellow hair, and about one hundred and ten pounds at the very maddest. Bob guessed he was about five feet five in his built-up heels, and was for asking what breeze had blown him in, but his finer instincts prevailed.

Carvington Sheldon Letheridge was visiting the city for his health. Bob hoped he would find it and said so while shaking Carvington's lily-white hand. Carvington withdrew his shell-pink finger tips and promptly placed both hands in his pockets for safety, though he was forced to remove them almost immediately upon the entrance of Ruth Potter who had dropped in for chat with Helen.

So it was a party of four. Helen engineered it superbly so that Bob would notice that she approached the car on Carvington's manly arm. With severe politeness he ushered them into the rear seat and promptly placed Ruth Potter in front, beside

him, where she kept up a gay chatter while he drove north into the country wondering if Leteridge's ancestors had ridden fiery steeds in the same heat with the original Beresfords. Carvington himself would make an excellent jockey, he thought.

Before they had ridden far however, he found himself listening more attentively to Miss Potter. He still called her "Miss Potter" but gradually he felt the urge to talk to this girl who looked at him with such frank, honest eyes. He had not yet discovered what there was about her face which made it seem familiar and never once did it bring back to him the picture of a girl wearing a red cross and standing shivering against the wall of a first-aid station in France.

He would like to call her Ruth. She could talk about things that most girls couldn't; business life, real travel talks, dogs—and fighting. This was the girl who had patted him on the back that night when he was planning to catch the burglar in action. If he called her Ruth too suddenly it might —well—. He took a look in the rear-view mirror to see how Carvington was taking the air, and whether Helen was aware that Bob Brummel was driving the car.

Perhaps some time later on he might get to calling Ruth by her first name. Indecision clutched him but he continued to clutch the wheel and figure the road ahead.

CHAPTER VI Rough and Ready

THE BATTLE at the Inn of the Seven-Fences got into the newspapers as did most of Bob's battles. "Beau" Brummel they called him and mentioned the fact that he had been escorting some ladies of high social rank, but—the ladies' names were not published. Somebody was to the thanked for that, but the fight—that was the thing. Another blot on the Brummel escutcheon with a narrow escape for the Beresford shield, to say nothing now of the Potter emblem. Never a word about that Letheridge fellow with the misplaced eyebrow and skin that loved to be touched. The "chawming" fellow had made himself almost invisible in the frolic and when it was over had vamped out with the fickle Helen on his arm.

Quite a goodly crowd had assembled at the Inn. Bob led the way to the table of his own selection. They had been there before. It was a quiet, exclusive sort of place where good food could be eaten and good music heard, and you could dress or not as you liked. Bob was nothing short of spectacular as he stood with due pride and waited the seating of his guests. All eyes were on him for here was perfection in physical manhood.

Gay parties of laughing men and women fringed the nearby tables. The dining room was lighted softly with semi-subdued effect and the brilliant white table linen reflected the pale pinks and mauves of the tiny table lamps, picking out here and there flashing highlights from jewelled throats and fingers.

Separated by two tables on their own aisle, Bob now noticed a party of four men about to seat themselves. Something about them told him that he was, or would be shortly, the subject of their conversation. This was not ego, nor was it conceit, but from the manner in which one of the men had looked at him, he felt that something was amiss. None of them was known to him, and while he attempted to cast off the feeling of uncertainty, the conviction remained. He hoped he was wrong. With a shrug of his wide shoulders he awaited his chance to share in the conversational privileges which Carvington Sheldon Letheridge was enthusiastically endeavoring to monopolize. "Carv"

talked with his face, his hands and his shoulders, and reached frequently to his upper lip and his immaculate tie.

At the other table a tall man with sallow, lean face and heavy dark brows was talking in low

tones. His companions listened closely.

"No gun-play, get me?" he said in a coarse whisper. "This guy is due for the hospital. When he comes out, if he does, then we fix him again and ride him for a loop. He cooped the Owl and we gotta stick by our pal. Get me?"

Apparently they did for they nodded savagely and cast furtive glances in the direction of Bob's

table.

LEFTY MARLOW, who was undoubtedly the leader of the party, was almost completely disguised in his dinner suit. A con man of class, he was known in the underworld as a "headworker" but there were those who could vouch for his ability with his hands when pinned against a wall. Lefty was going to do his bit for a brother gangster and his pals were chosen from among the elite of the underworld for their "mugs" and appearance in "soup-and-fish" disguise.

Sitting quietly at their table they looked not out of place, but when they arose and sauntered down the aisle toward the table at which Bob sat with his party, their eyes glittered with the bloodlust of prowling animals and nostrils flared with

the scent of the quarry.

"How are ye, kid?" began Marlow looking directly at Helen.

There was a wicked, taunting leer in his face

and his manner suggested defiant insult.

"Scuse me," said the second man as he deliberately stepped on Bob's foot at the edge of the table.

Helen dropped her eyes at the words of the first one, and Bob glanced from her to the man who had spoken. Then as the second thug brought his foot down on his own toe, he gripped the edge of the table and drew a deep breath. Several people were instantly attracted to their table, and for a brief moment hung with suspense the tableau was fixed. No one spoke. Bob though fast. There were the ladies with him and he was in a rather refined place. The thugs—

"You heard me, didn't ye?" continued the second man as Bob hesitated. "I said 'scuse me' didn't I?"

Seldom, if ever, does any one get affairs of this nature straight. Afterwards a dozen people will tell twelve different versions of how a fight started and who did the wrong thing at the right time. Bob, holding himself desparately in check, tried briefly with words, then Ruth Potter who sat nearest him, placed her arm between Bob and the nearest ruffian.

"Here, gentlemen," she began, when her arm

was roughly pushed aside by Marlow.

"G'wan," he started, his face close to Bob's.

There was no way out, and the flash in Bob's eyes gave him away. Marlow dove in with his dependable portside mauer aimed at the handsome

Men shoved women behind the protective bulwarks of tilted tables, others escaped with their companions through the nearest exits. Other men leaped into the fray, while at the opposite side of the room, as Fate would have it, stood the Honor-

able John Yeoman, as though transfixed.

"A fighting fool," he said softly as with a smile he observed the first and second of the attackers go down in broken lumps. Lefty Marlow had taken a smack on the nose and careened dizzily sideways, as one of his pals jumped for the tough dude. Bob let another one go, this time with his left, and took the foe's punch high on the head. That man would strike no more for at least an hour.

CONTINUED-DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE.

CAMERA OF CRIME! OR DOUBLE EXPOSURE MURDER ON DOUBLE EXPOSURE MURDER







THE CITY- ,



BARTON IS THE BEST WHAT OF

PHOTOGRAPHER IN / IT? I'M AFTER

THE MUGS THAT

HELD HIM UP -

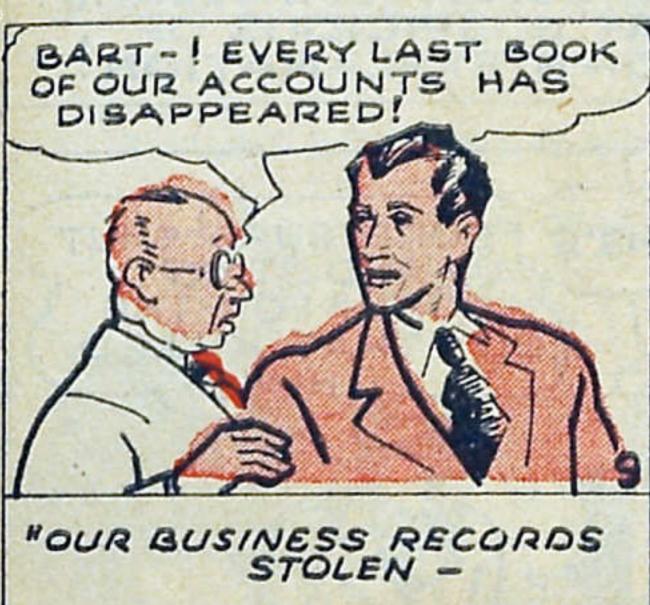
DUKE AND BARTON TALK WHILE MULCAHEY QUIZZES MIGGS

MULCAHEY IS DISGUSTED ...
CAMERA! CAMERA! HE IS
TIRED OF HEARING THE WORD











TO SELL OUR PATENT AND FORMULA

ON THIS LITTLE CAMERA --



THAT WAS

HIDDEN IN MY

HAND





PRINT WITH THE 'ROGUE'S GALLERY' - BUT-



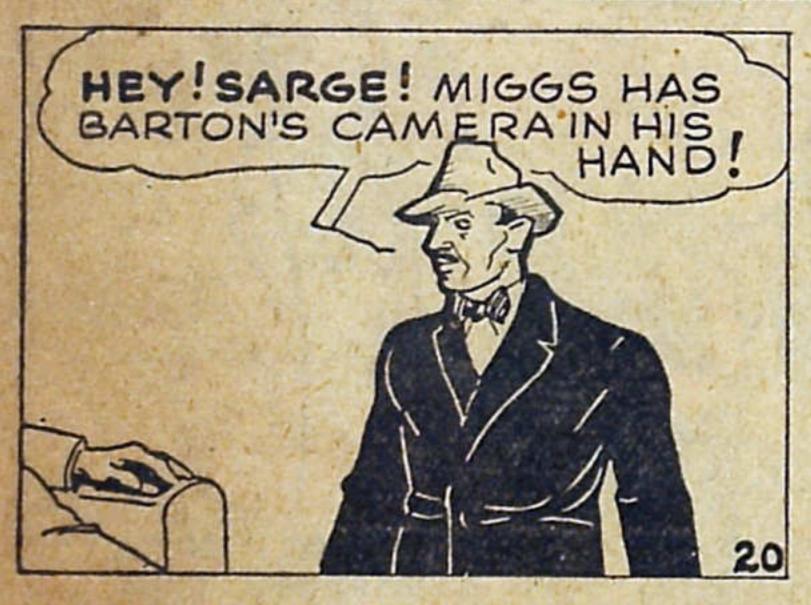






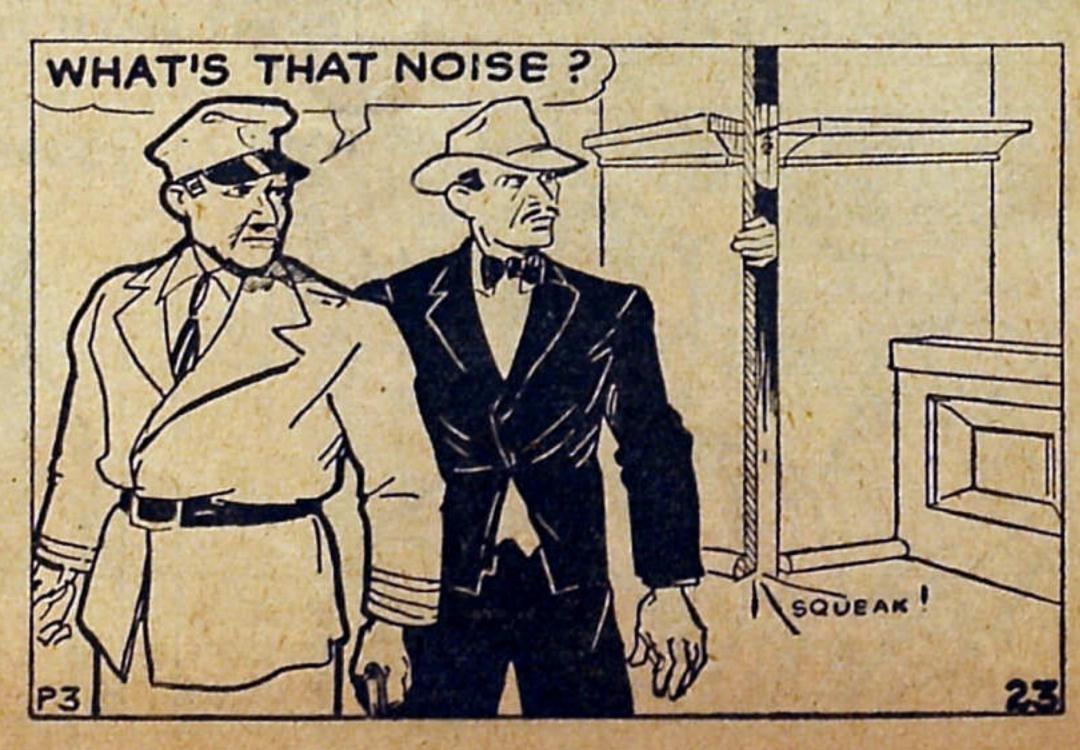




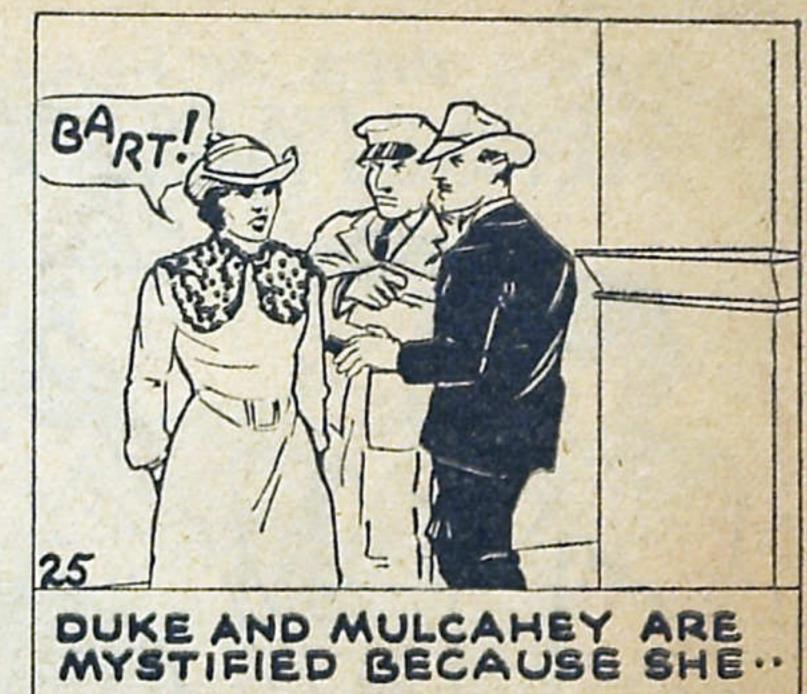
















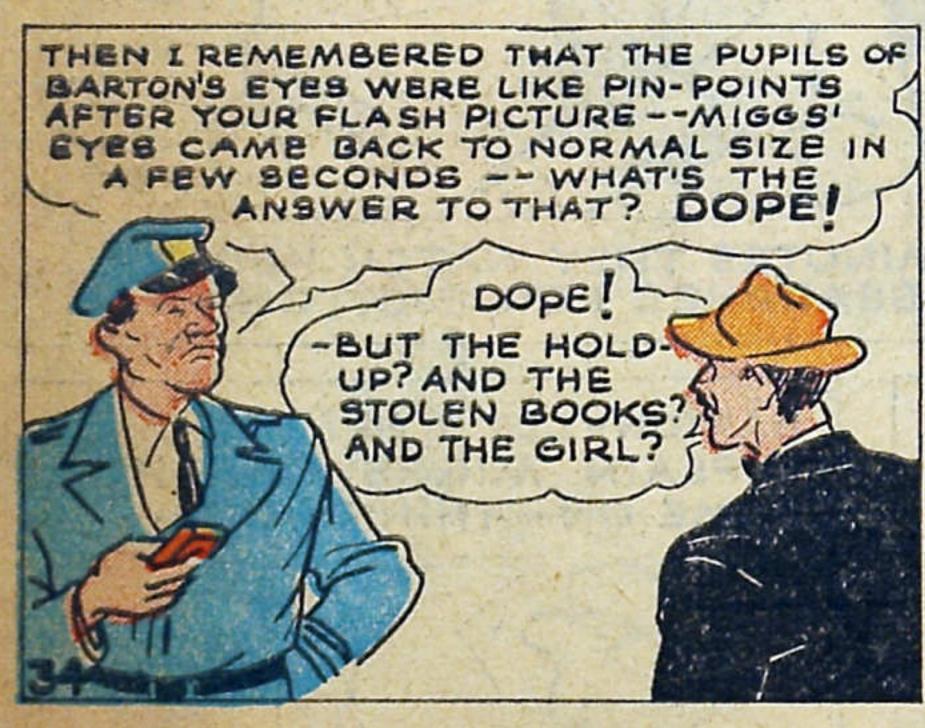




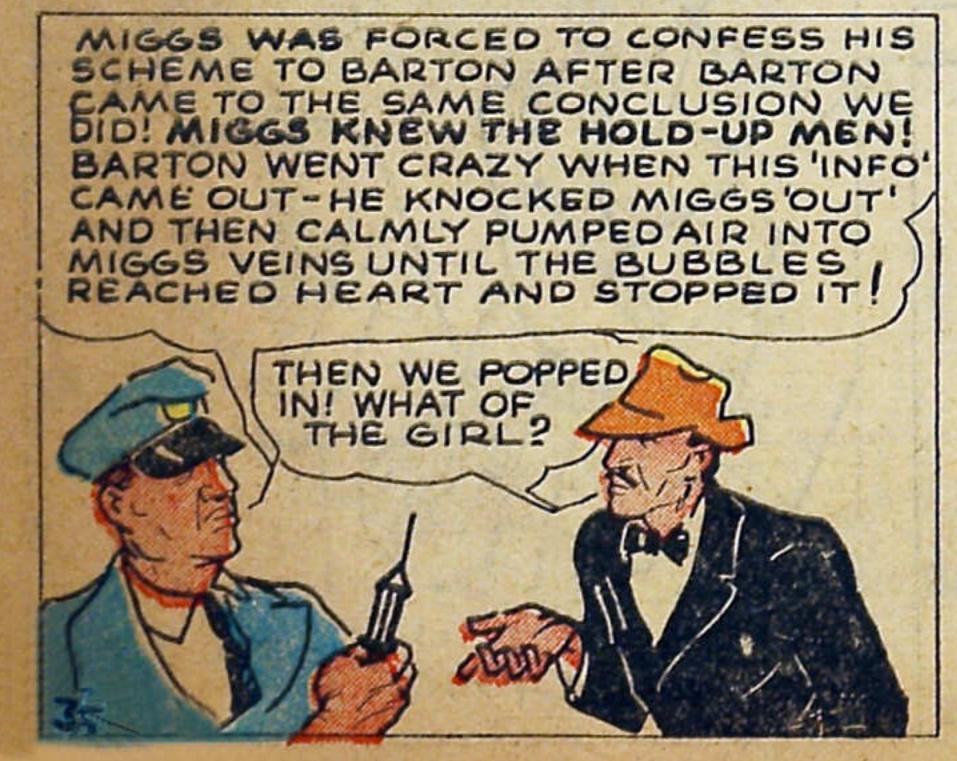










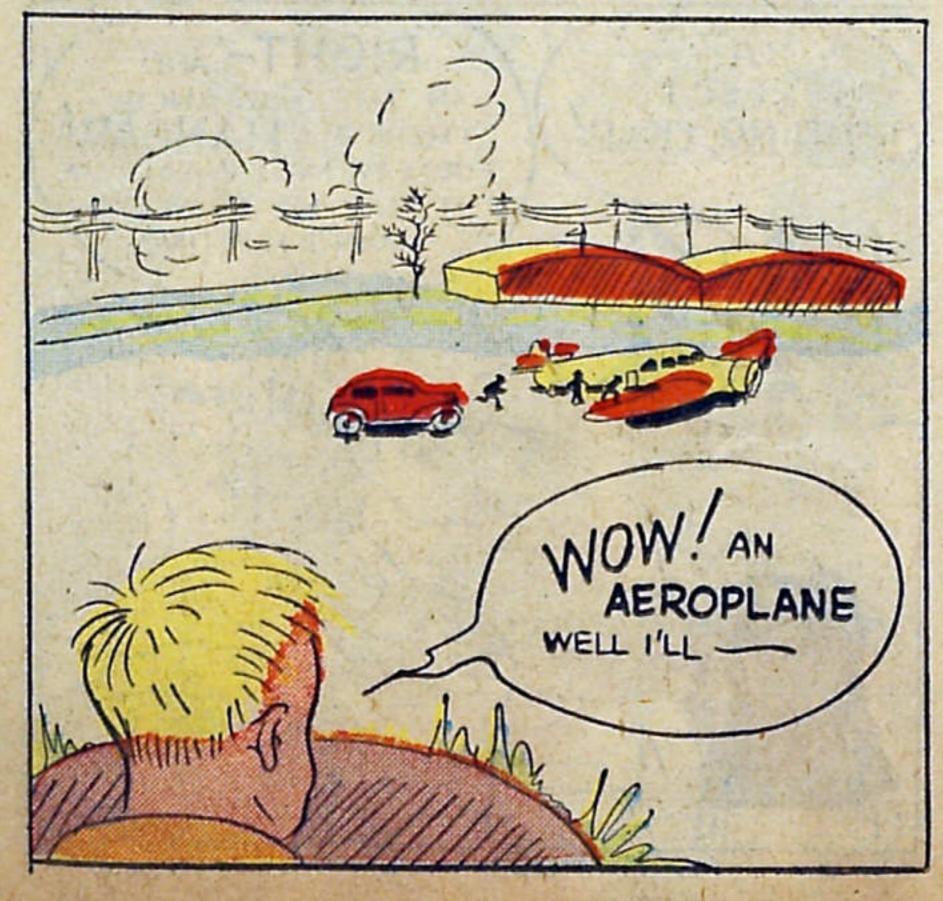


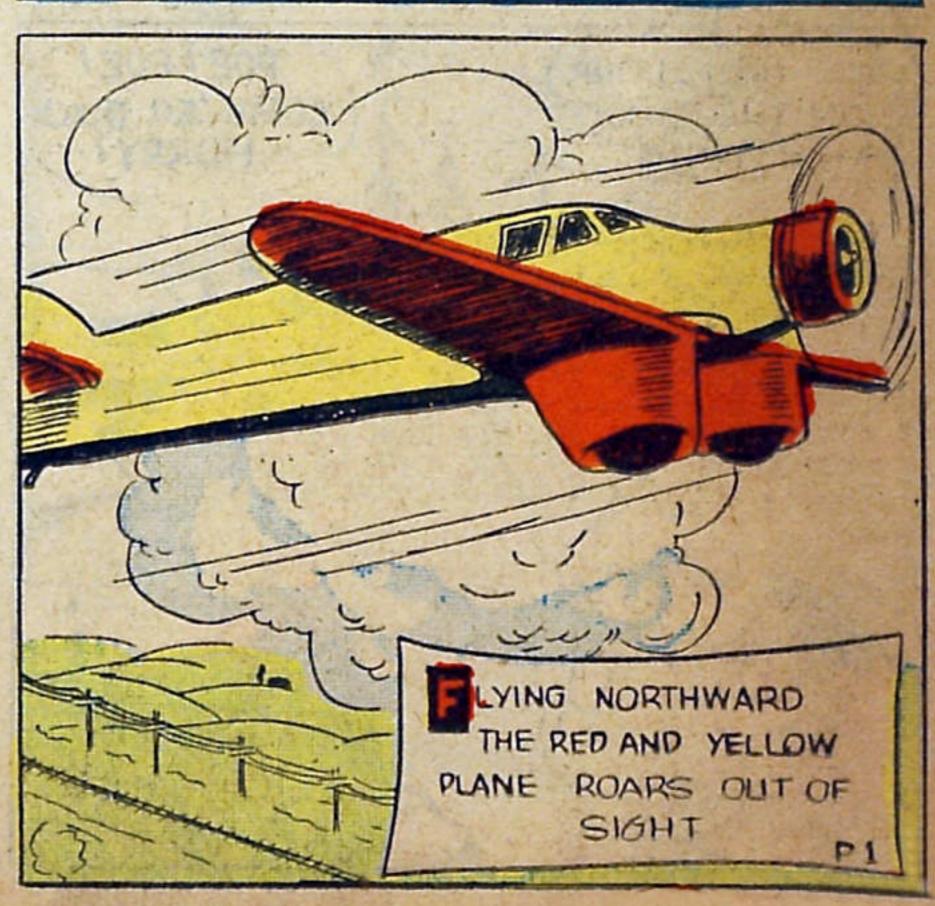


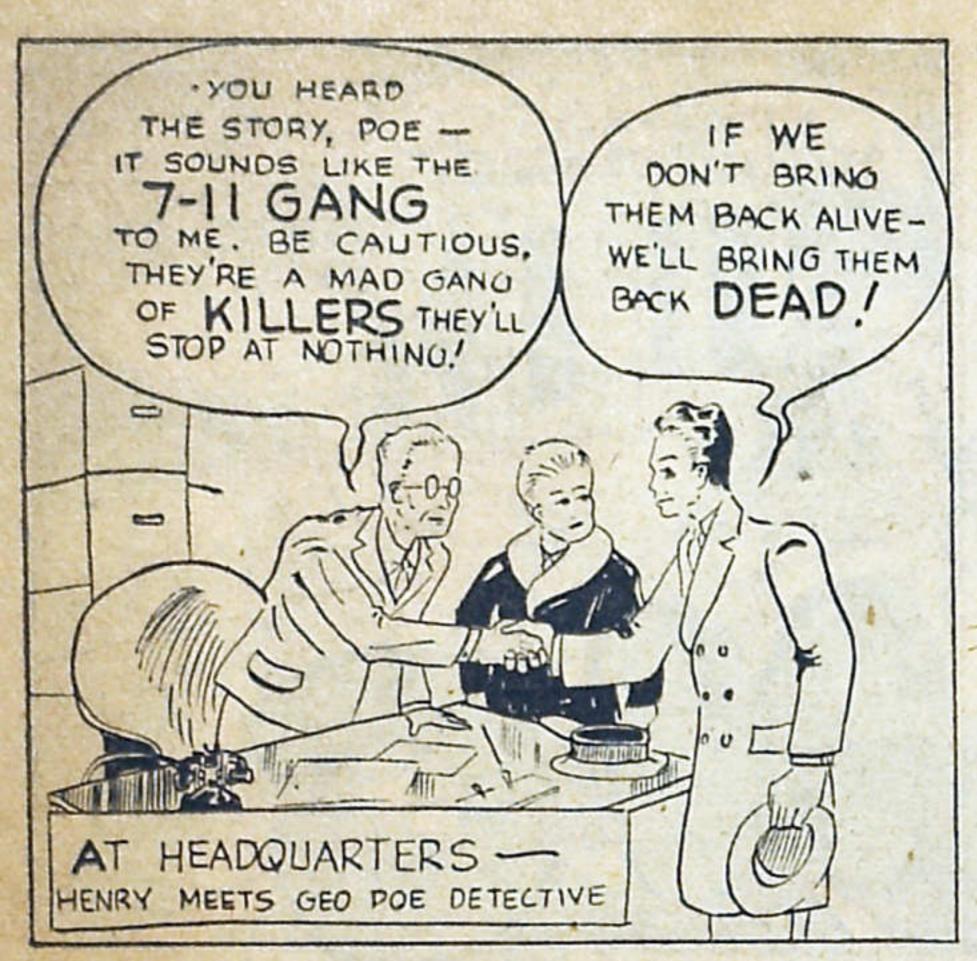






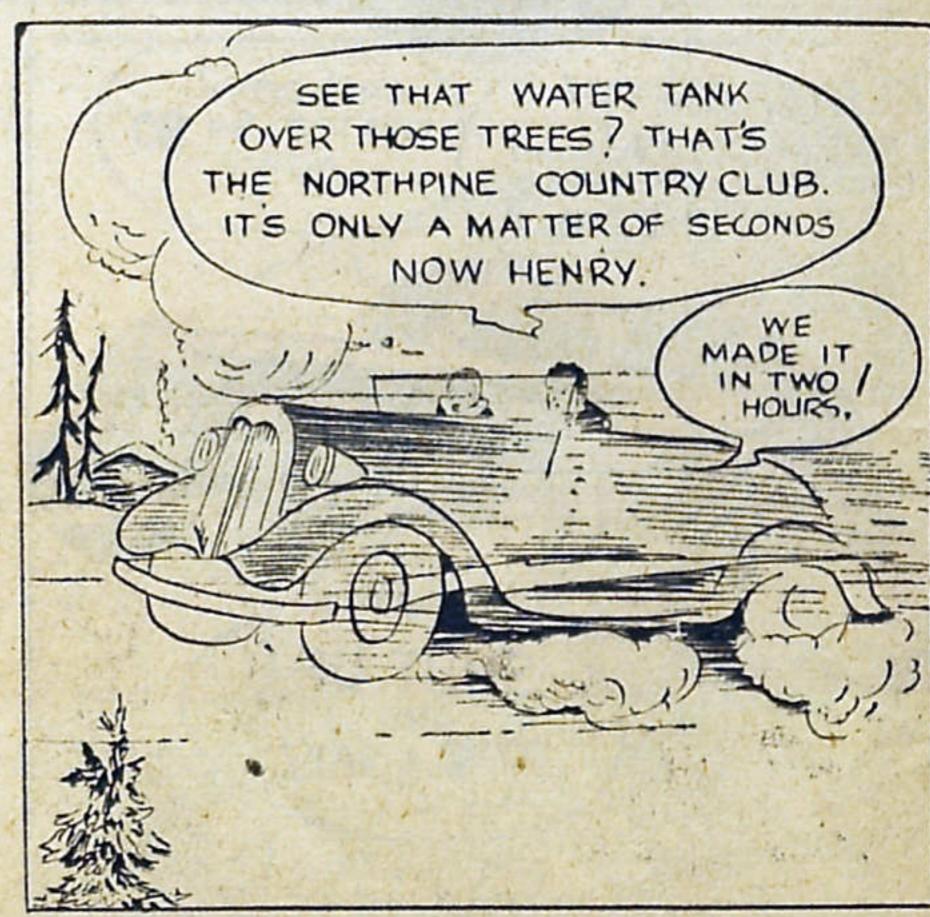


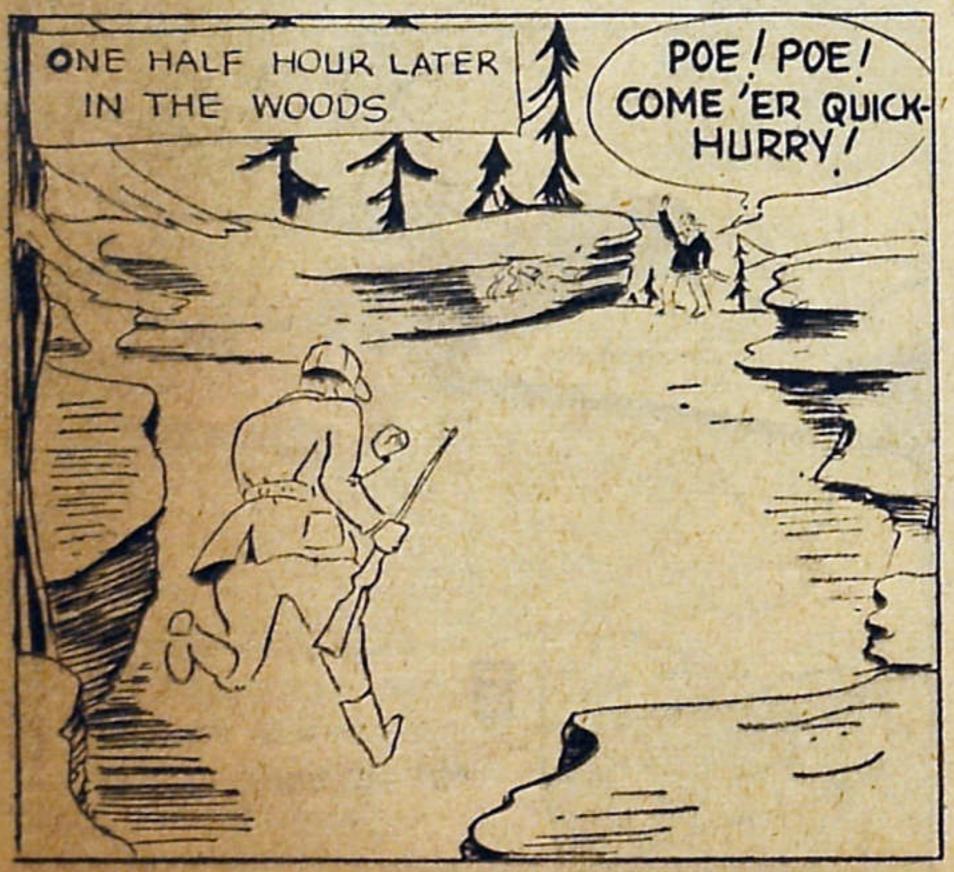




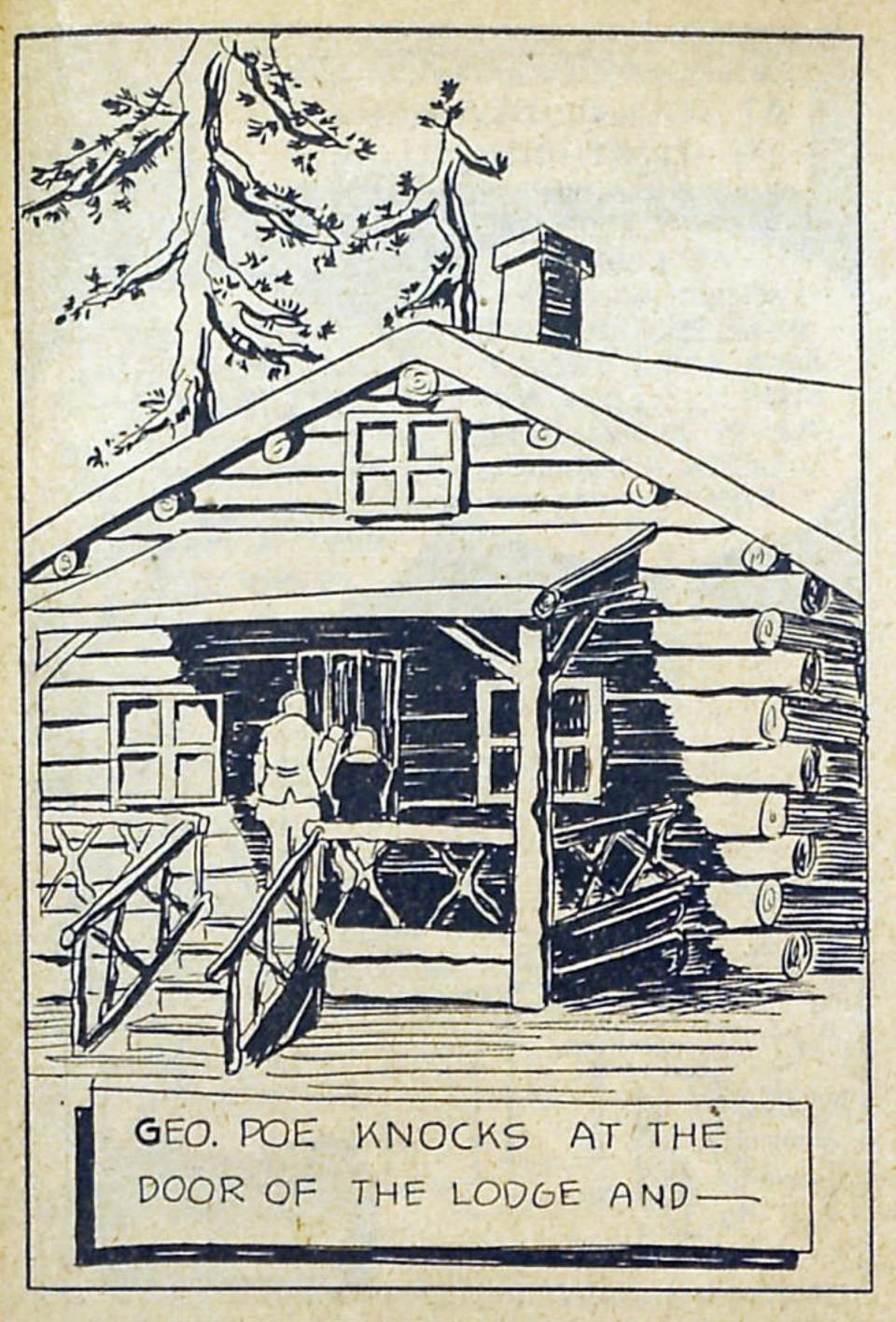


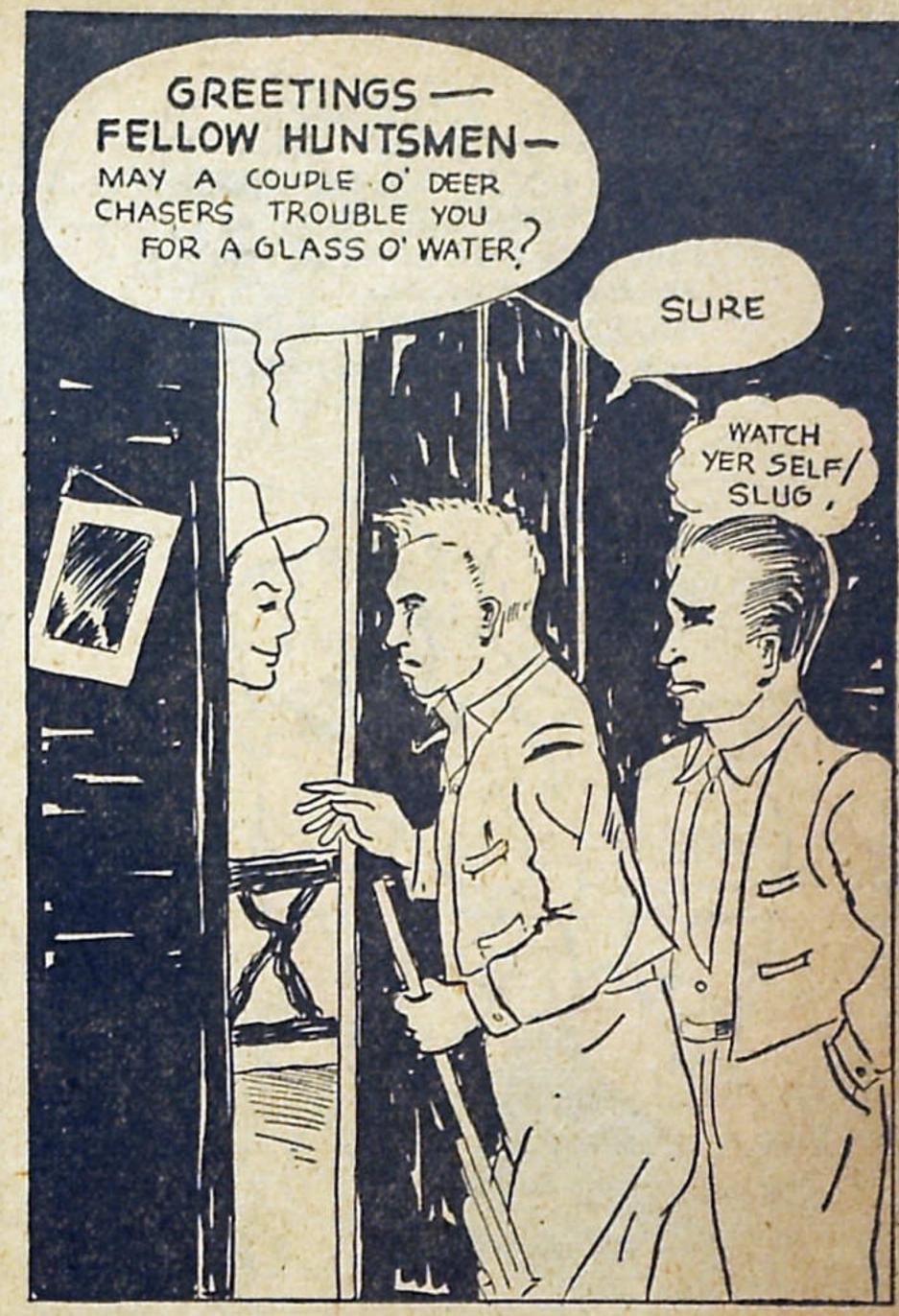






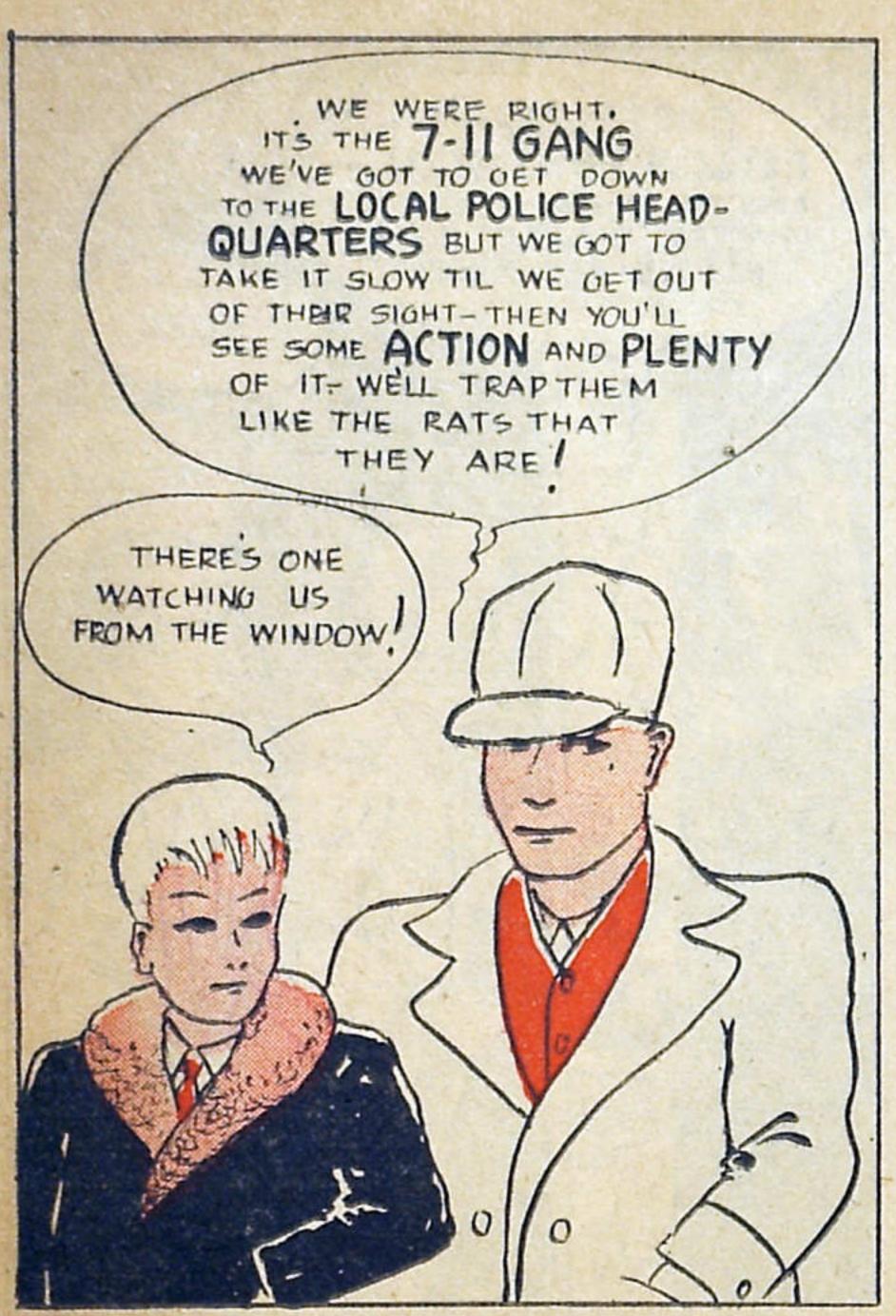


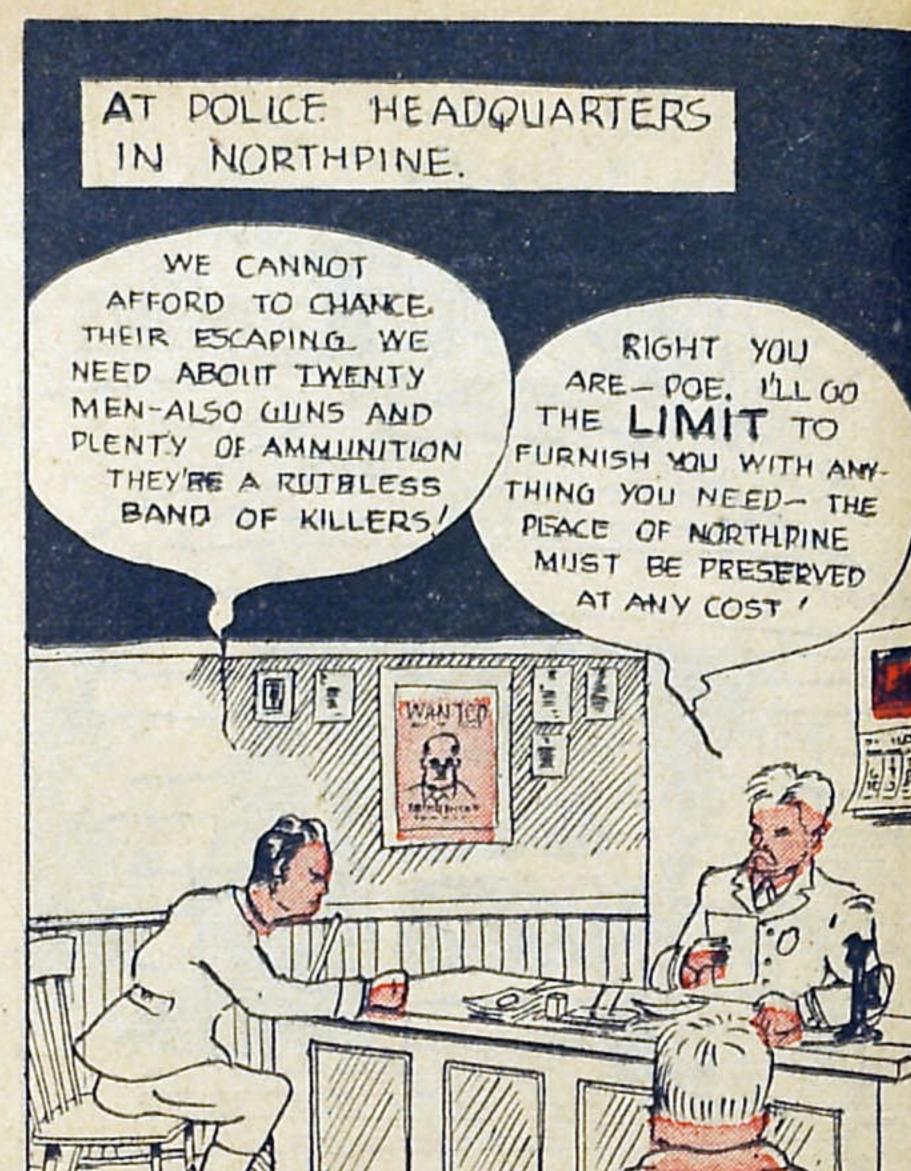


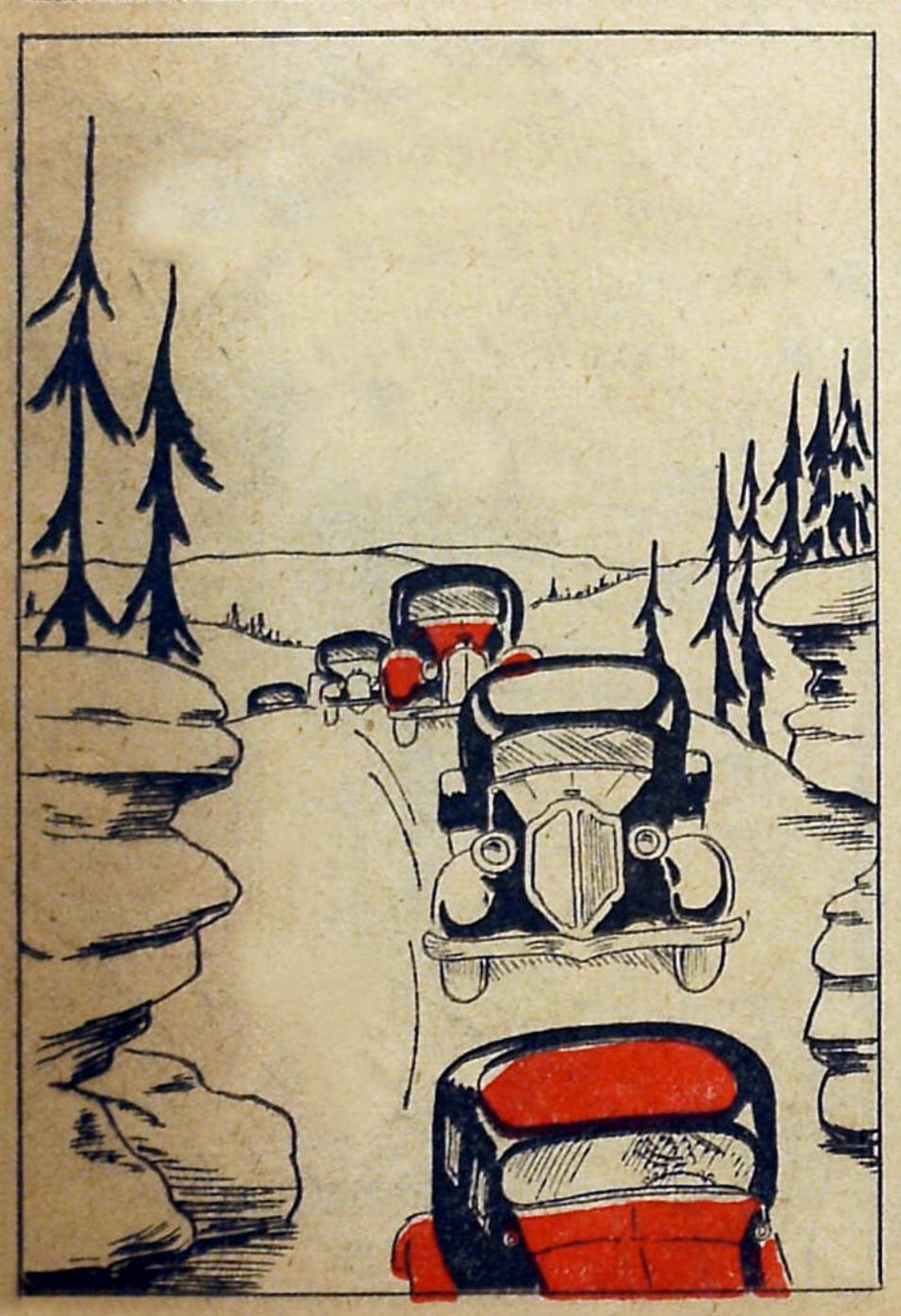




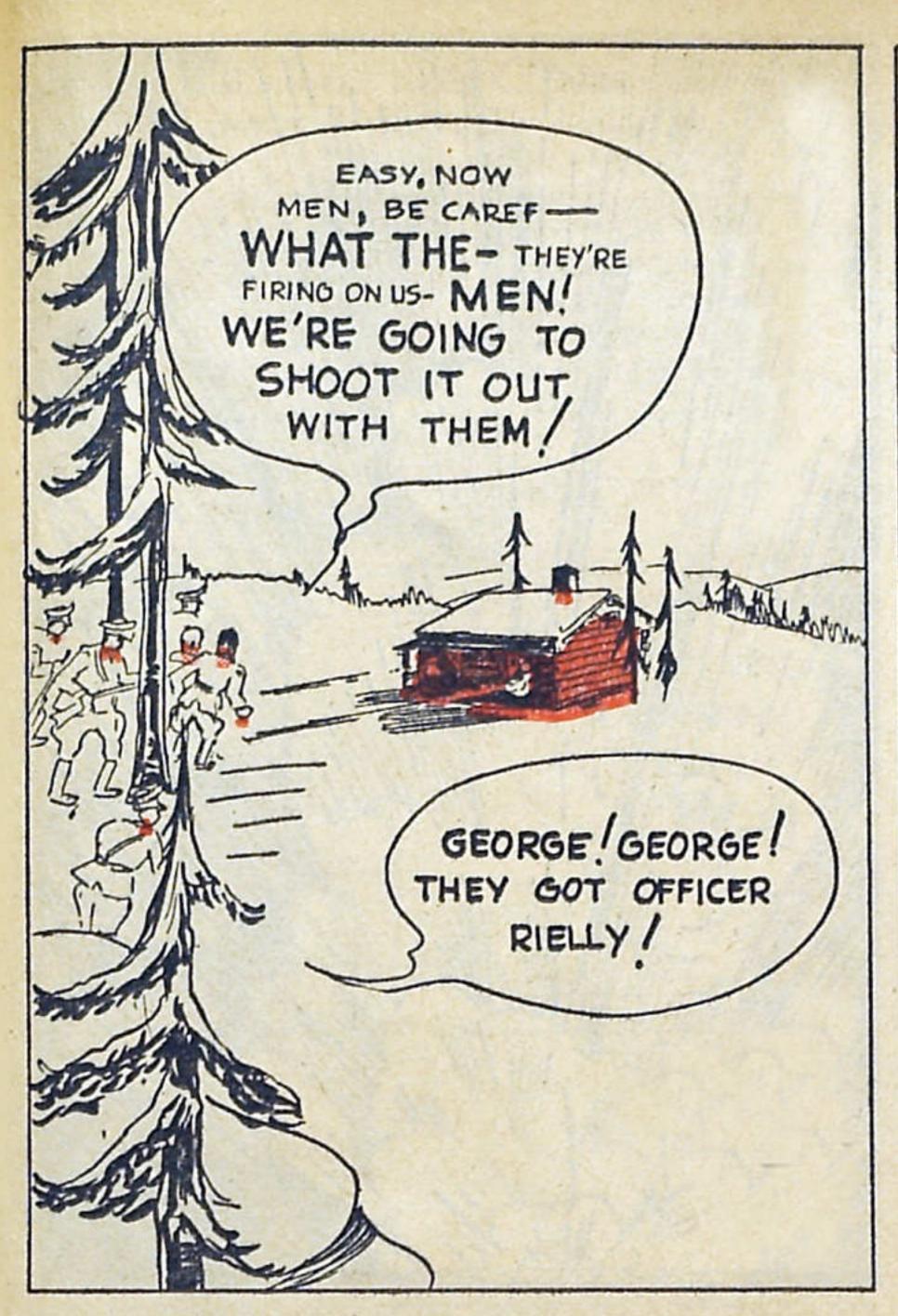


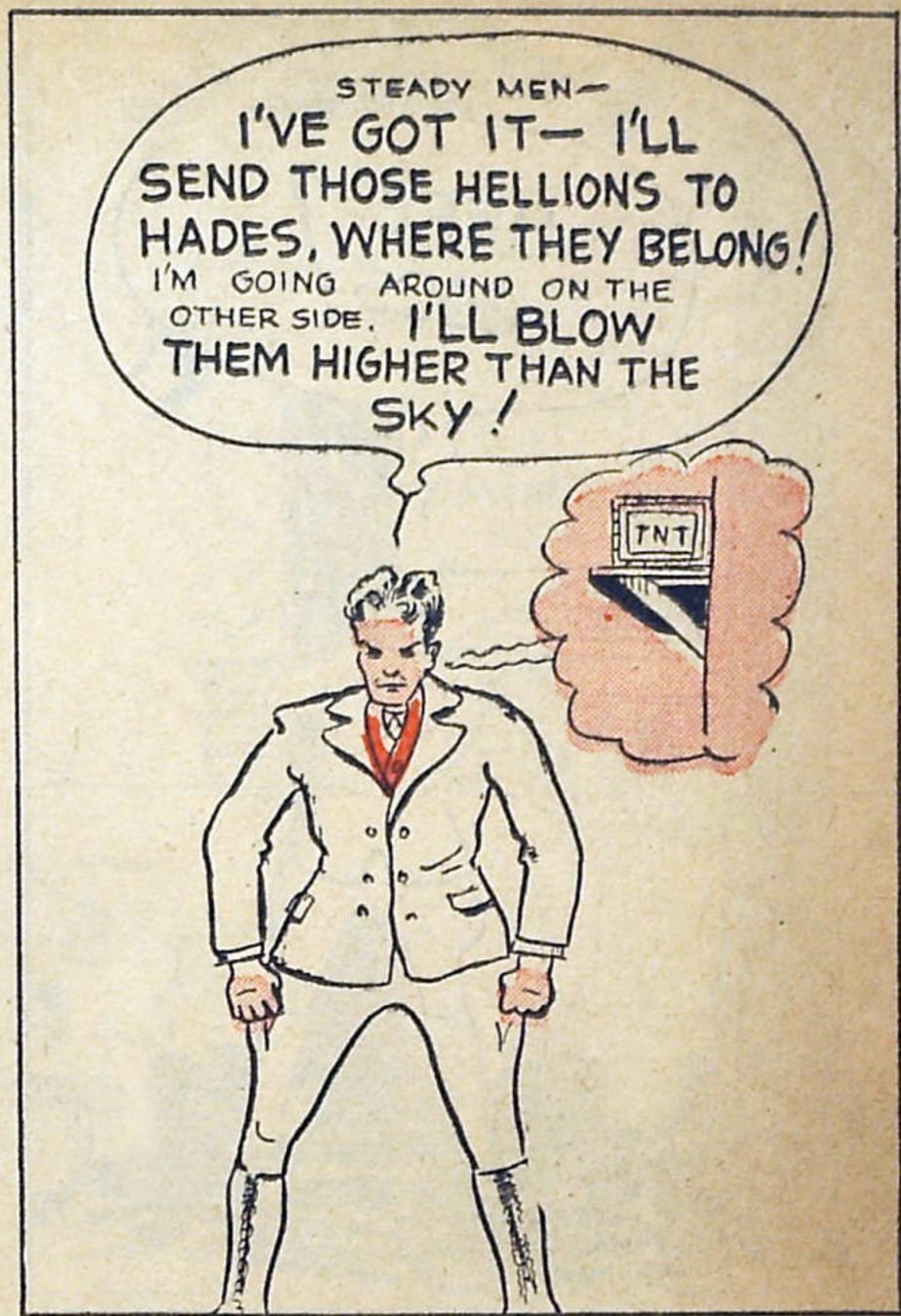


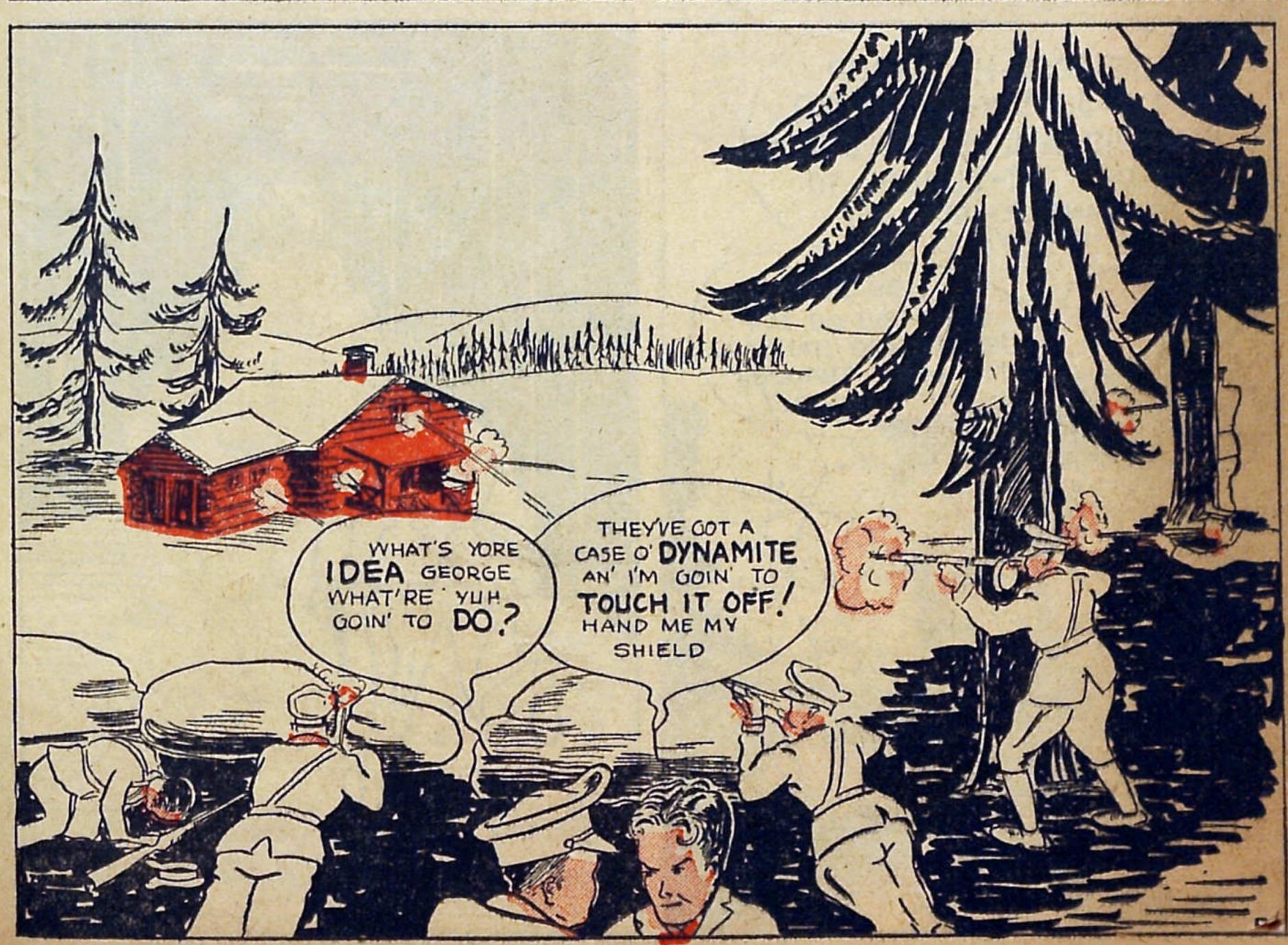








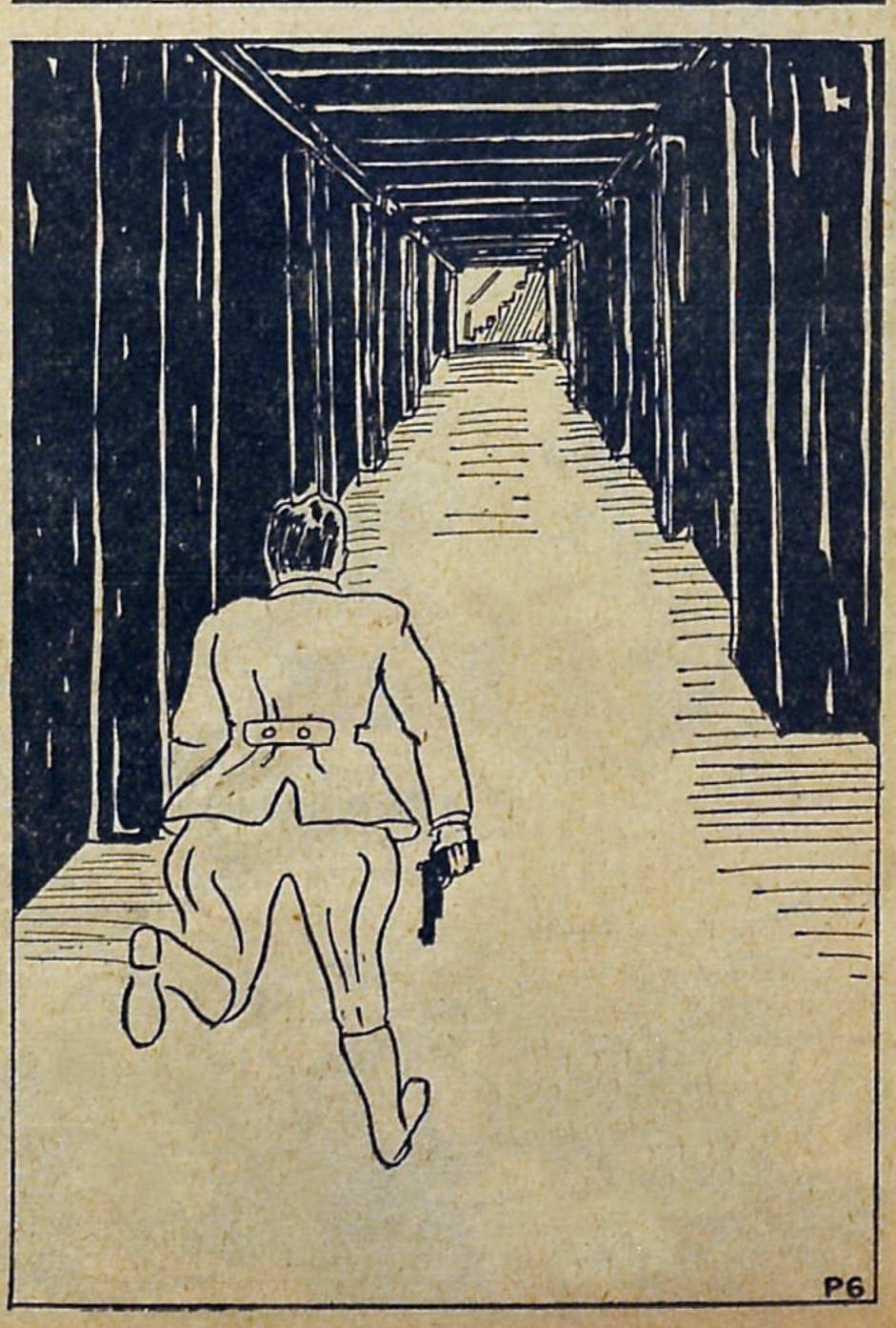








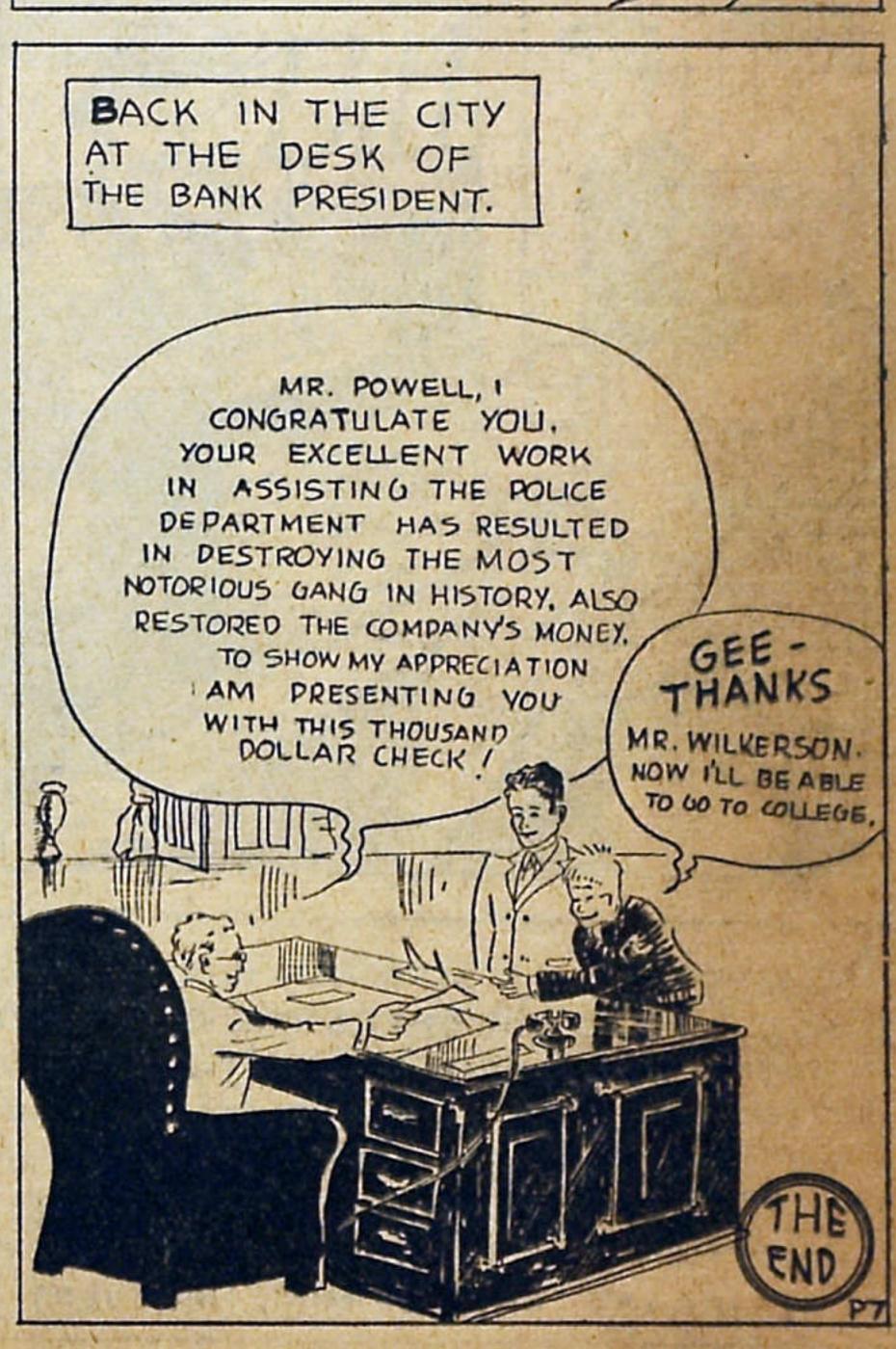


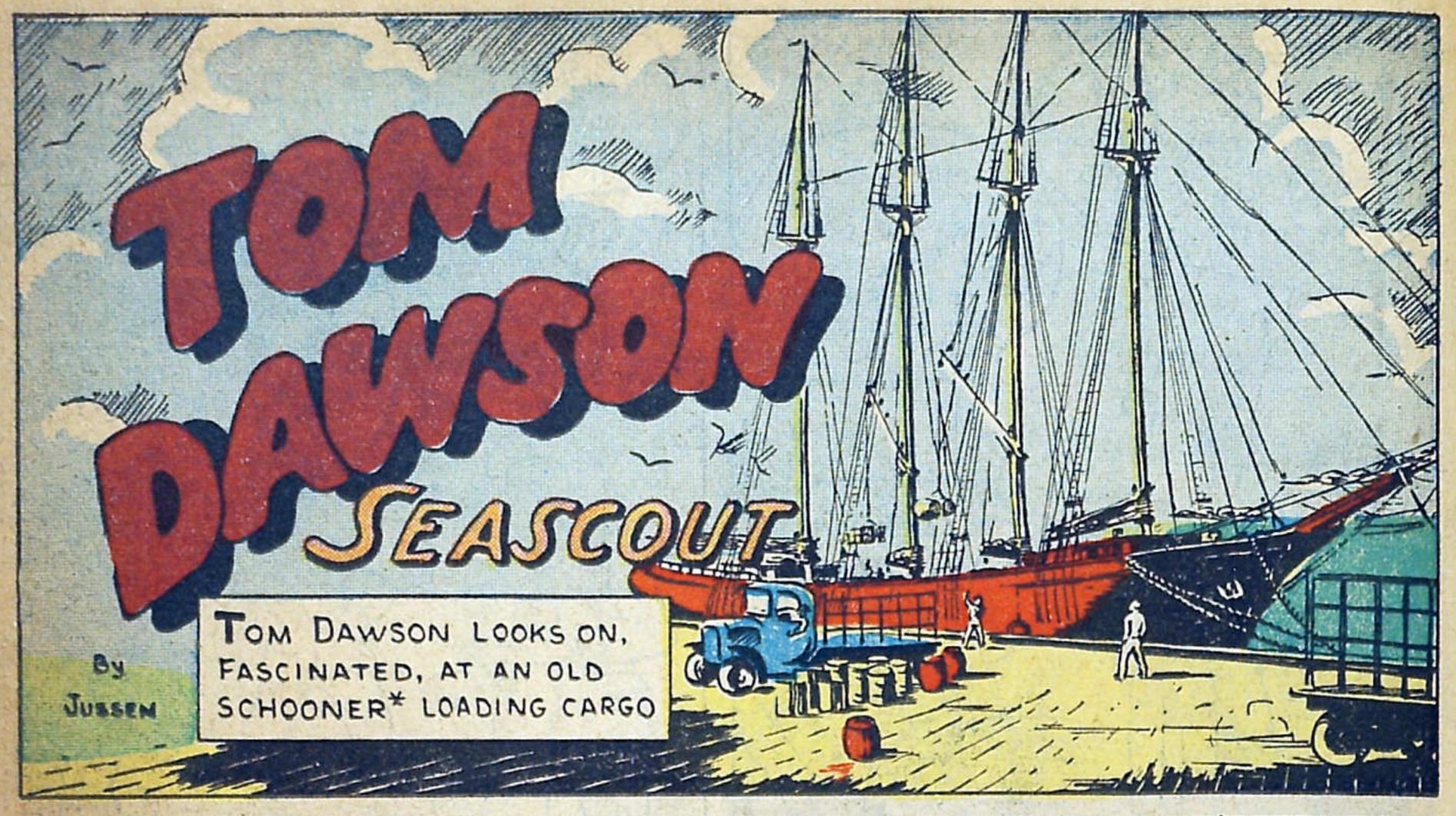




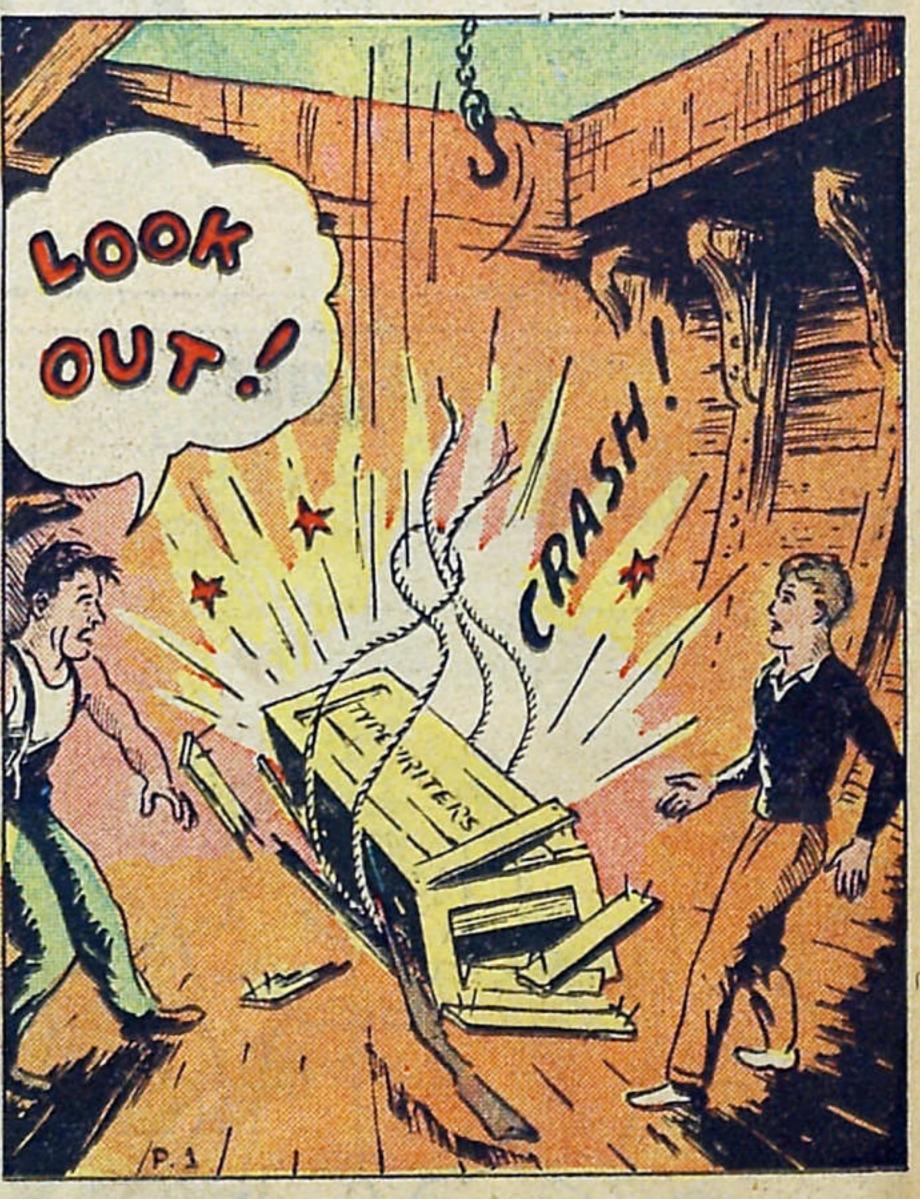












* SCHOONER - A SCHOONER IS A FORE-AND-AFT RIGGED VESSEL. TWO, THREE, AND FOUR MASTED SCHOONERS ARE QUITE COMMON, ALTHOUGH FIVE, AND EVEN SIX-MASTERS HAVE BEEN BUILT. THE 'THOMAS W. LAWSON', WRECKED A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO, WAS A HUGH VESSEL STEPPING SEVEN MASTS. THEY ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN NAMED AFTER THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

* KEEP YOUR WEATHER EYE LIFTING MEANS TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT.

*OLD MAN A FAMILIAR TITLE FOR THE MASTER OF A VESSEL. (NOT USED WITHIN EAR SHOT OF HIM, HOWEVER)











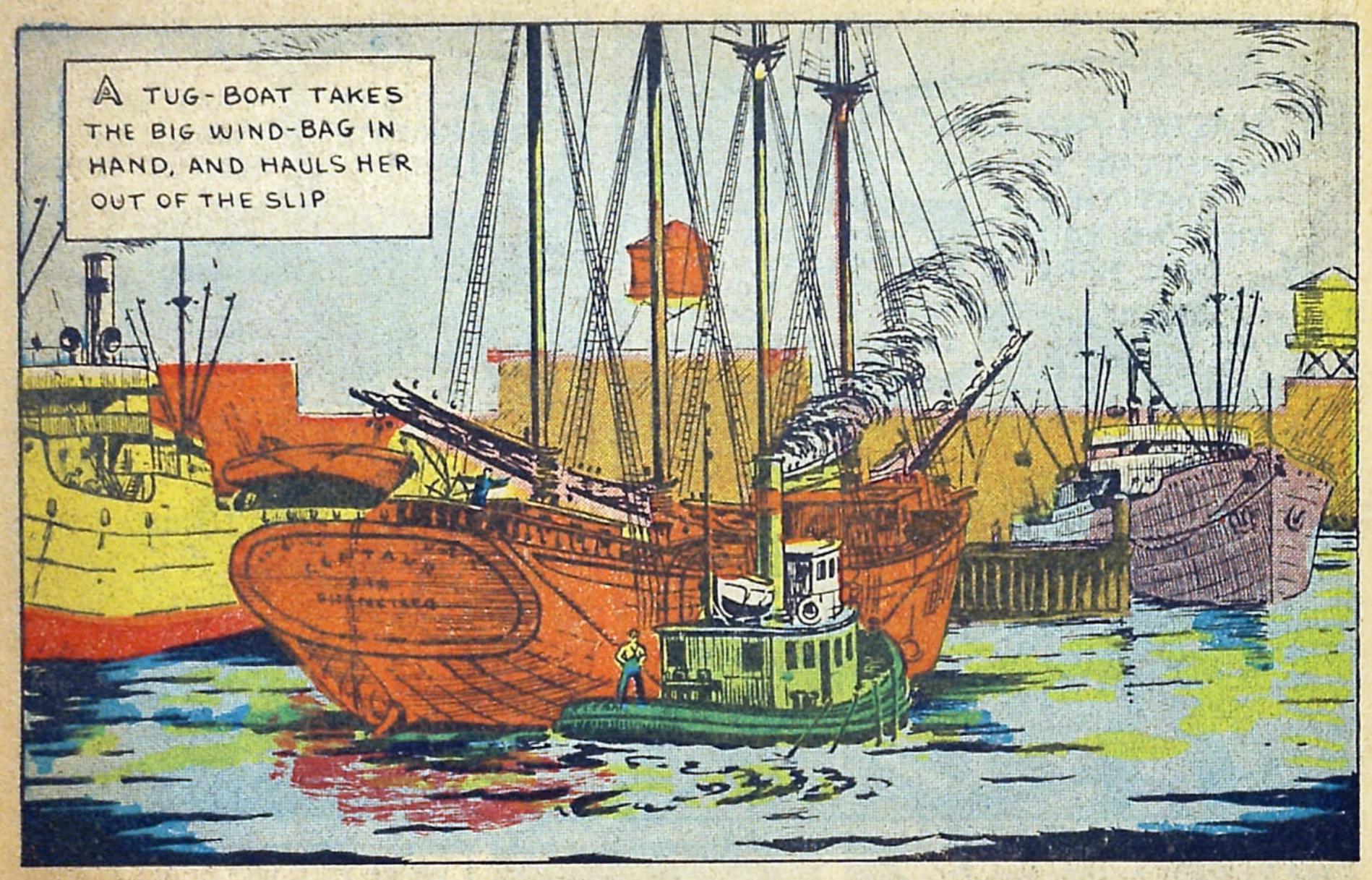
* FARMERS' - A TERM OF DERISION, IMPLYING INCOMPETENCE, SINCE A FARMER IS SUPPOSEDLY DEVOID OF ANY KNOWLEDGE OF NAUTICAL AFFAIRS.

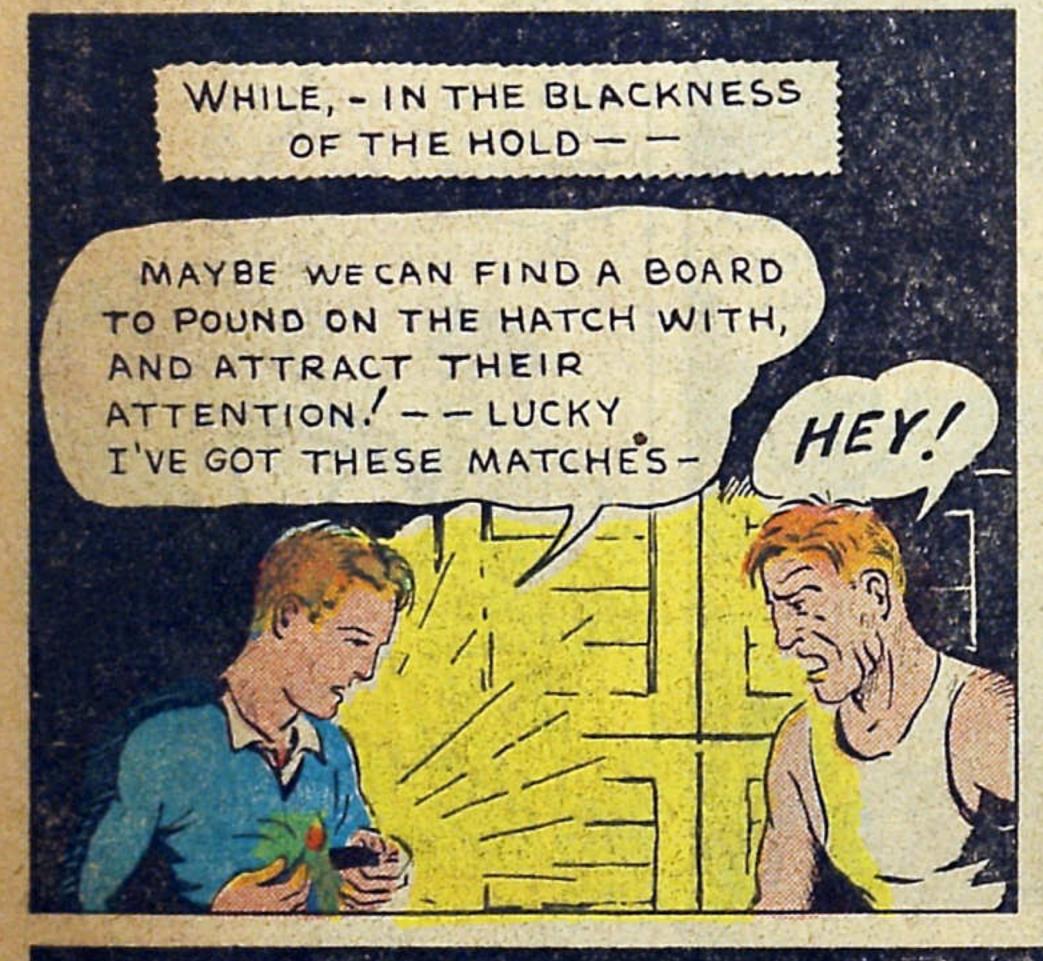
* HOW CARGO IS STOWED - THE PROPER 'STOWAGE, OR PLACING, OF CARGO DEMANDS A HIGH DEGREE OF SKILL. CONSIDERATION MUST BE GIVEN THE NATURE OF THE CARGO TO INSURE ITS SAFE DELIVERY. IF BADLY STOWED, IT WILL SHIFT, IN A SEAWAY, AND ENDANGER THE VESSEL ITSELF.

* 'FULL UP' - ALL THE CARGO IS ABOARD.

* MISTER - A MATE, OR OFFICER.

* STAND BY FORE AND AFT' - THE TERM, AS APPLIED HERE, MEANS TO TAKE STATIONS AT FORWARD AND AFTER PARTS OF VESSEL, IN PREPARATION TO LEAVE THE WHARF.







I SEE IT ALL, NOW!
- THERE'S GUNPOWDER DOWN HERE!

- AND THAT BROKEN CASE... RIFLES!

- YOU'RE CARRYING CONTRABAND!

THAT'S WHY THE CAPTAIN SUDDENLY

BECAME SO FRIENDLY! -- HE WAS

AFRAID I'D SEEN TOO MUCH, SO

HE LAID THIS TRAP!

WELL, KID, -
NOW THAT YA KNOW, WHAT'RE

Y' GOIN'T' DO ABOUT IT? -
MY ADVICE IS T' LAY LOW, AN'

FERGIT EVERYTHING YOU'VE SEEN,

IF YOU VALUE YER HIDE!

- Y' SEE, - THIS SKIPPER

AIN'T EXACTLY

NO ANGEL!

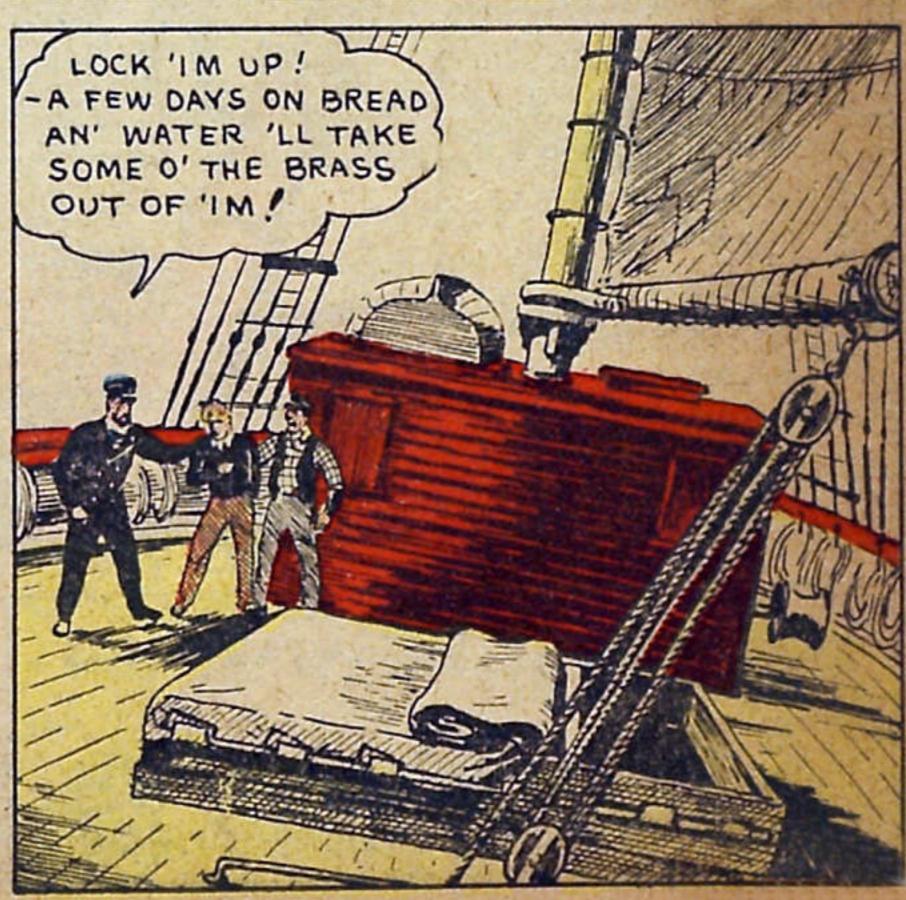




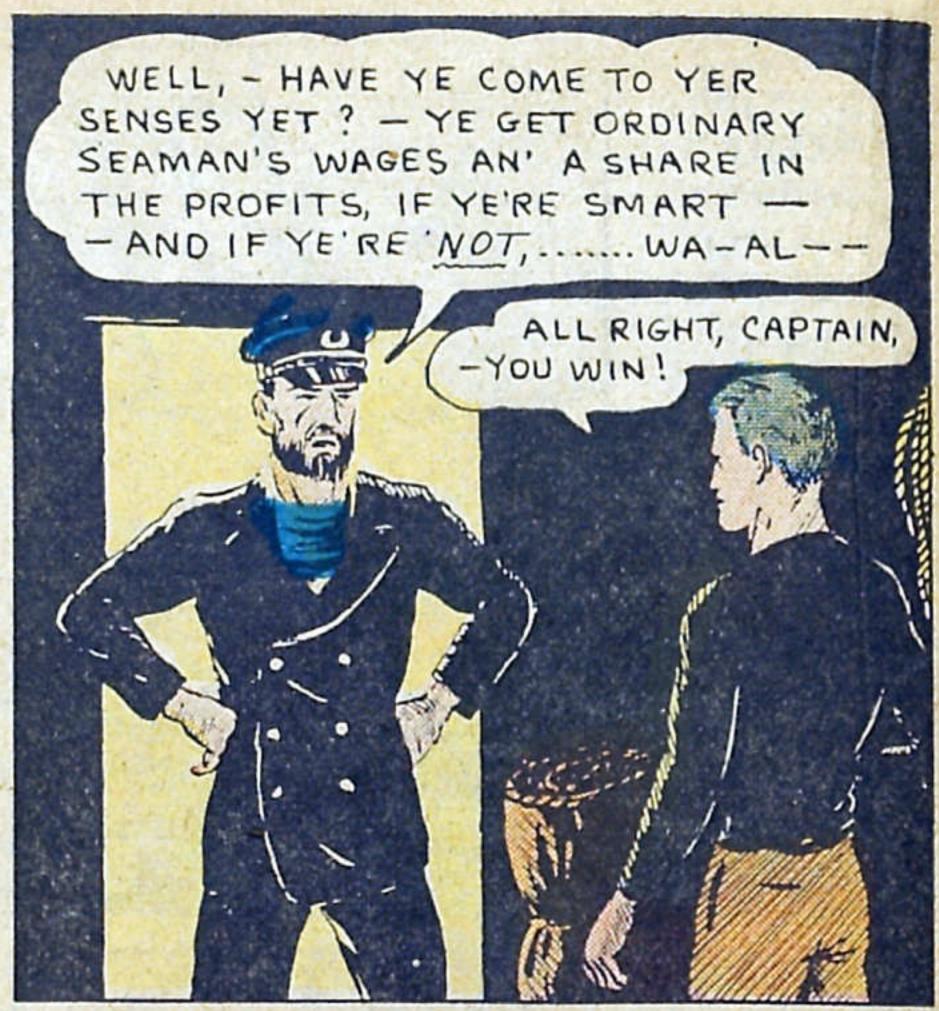




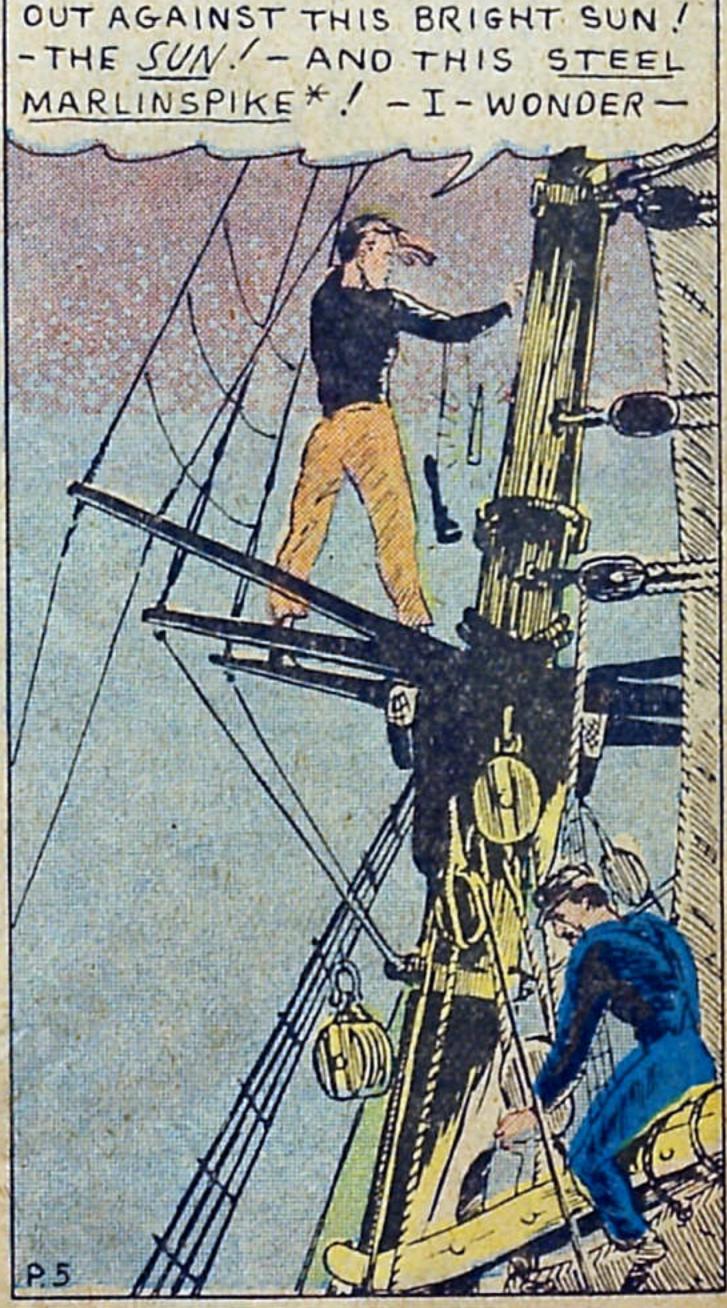












A STEAMER! - CAN'T MAKE HER

* EARNS HIS SALT' - EARNS HIS
FOOD AND MONEY

* LOFTY - TALL

* BOSE' - THE BOATSWAIN - A PETT

* BOSE'-THE BOATSWAIN - A PETTY
OFFICER DIRECTLY OVER THE CREW

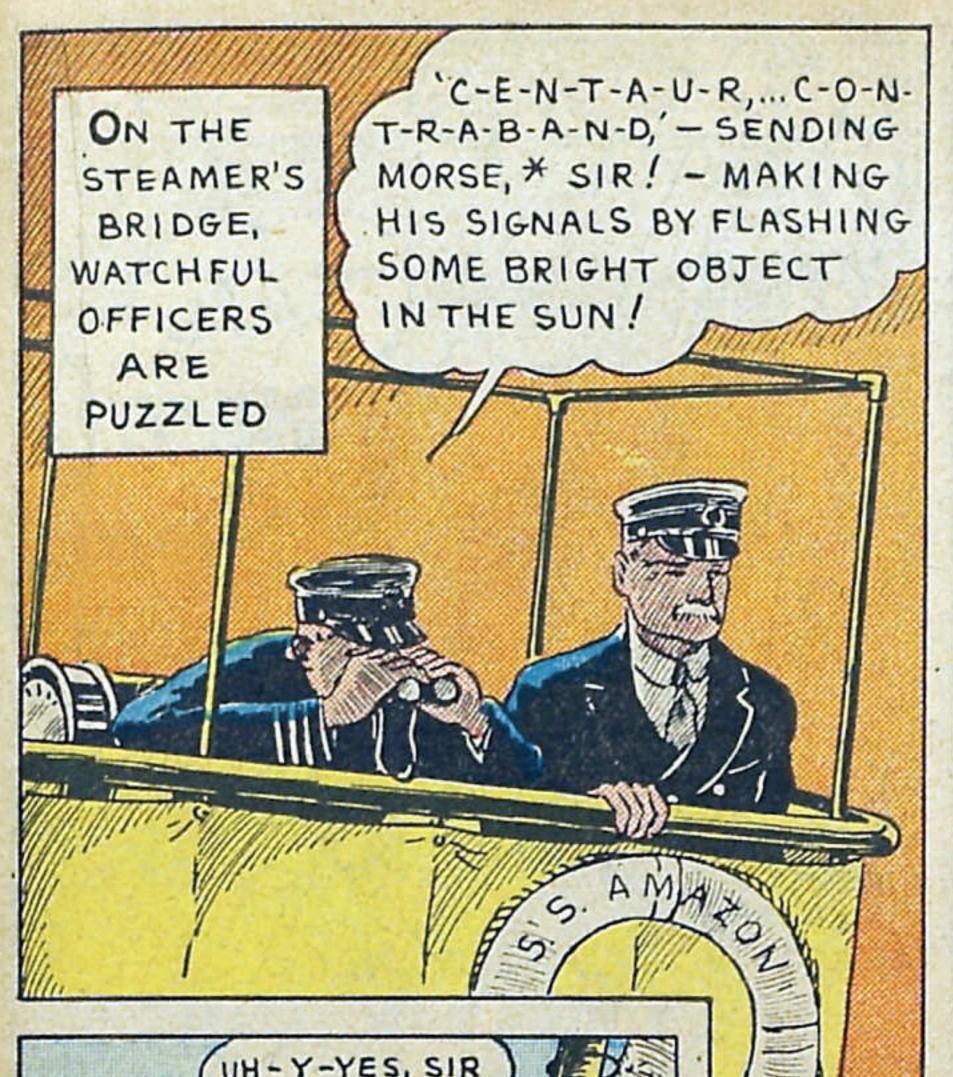
* BLOCK - A PULLEY

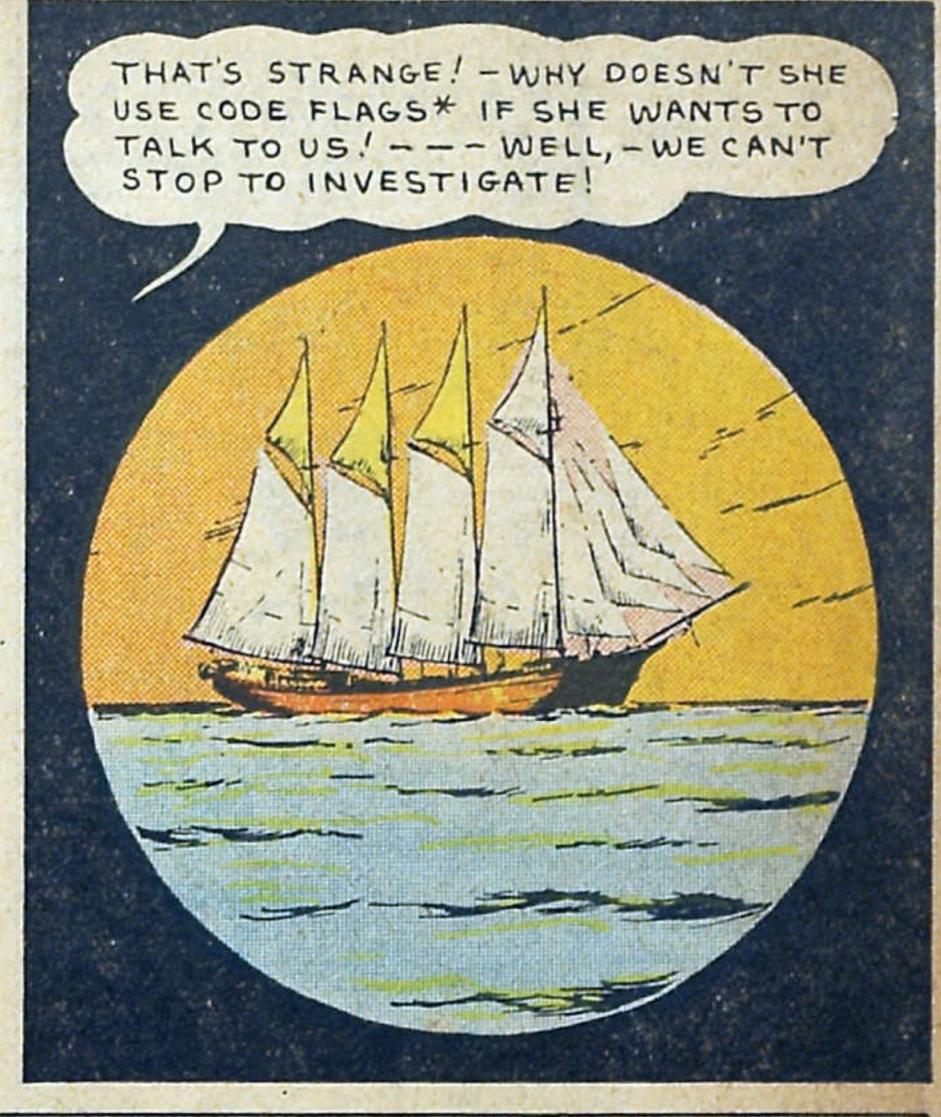
* FOREMAST - MAST FARTHEST FORWARD

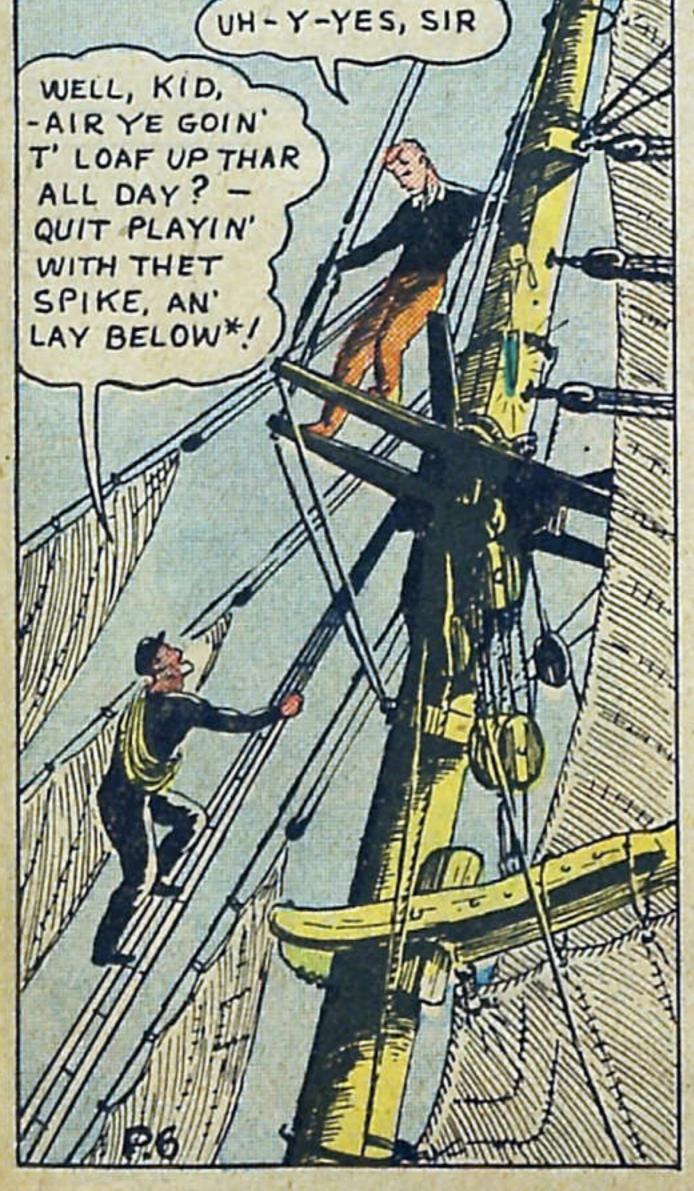
* MARLINSPIKE - A TAPERED TOOL

OF HARD STEEL FOR PRYING APART

STRANDS OF WIRE ROPE IN SPLICING







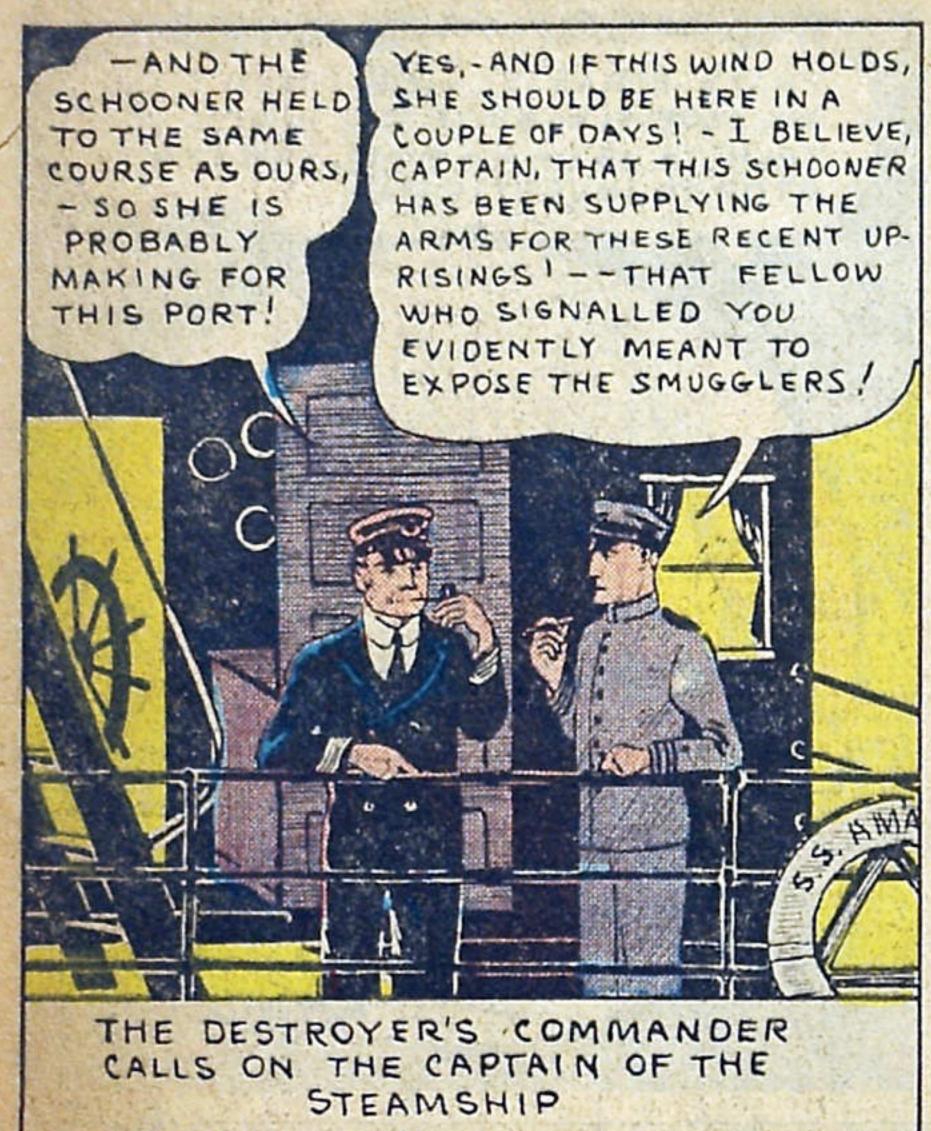


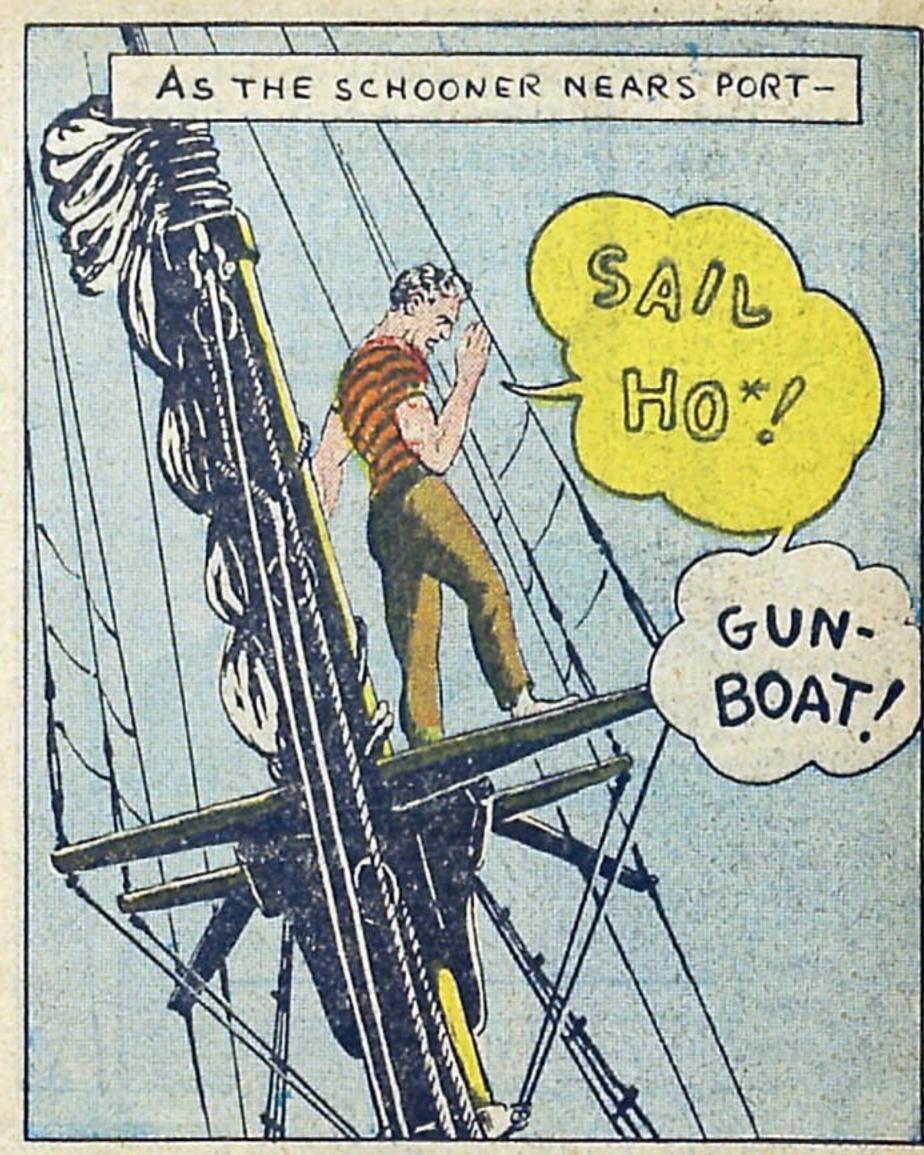
* MORSE - A CODE

* CODE FLAGS - THE OFFICER REFERS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM,
BY WHICH A SHIP OF ONE NATIONALITY MAY EXCHANGE SIGNALS WITH A
SHIP OF ANOTHER. THIS SYSTEM IS USED WHEN THE VESSELS ARE FAR APART.

* 'LAY BELOW' - DESCEND TO THE DECK.

* SPEAKS - TO 'SPEAK' A VESSEL IS TO APPROACH HER NEAR ENOUGH SO THAT VERBAL CONVERSATION MAY BE EXCHANGED (THROUGH A MEGAPHONE, IF THERE BE MUCH WIND).





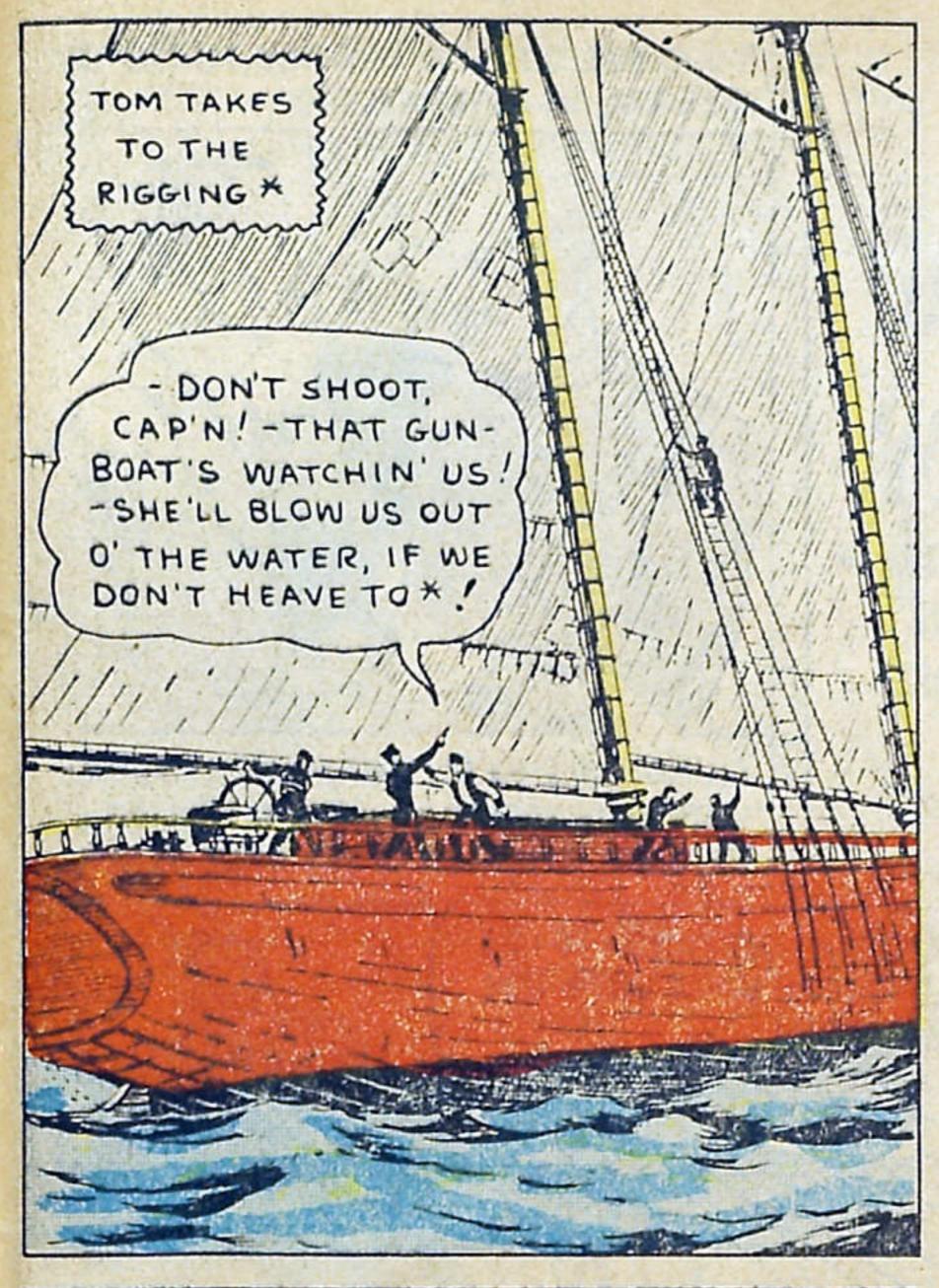


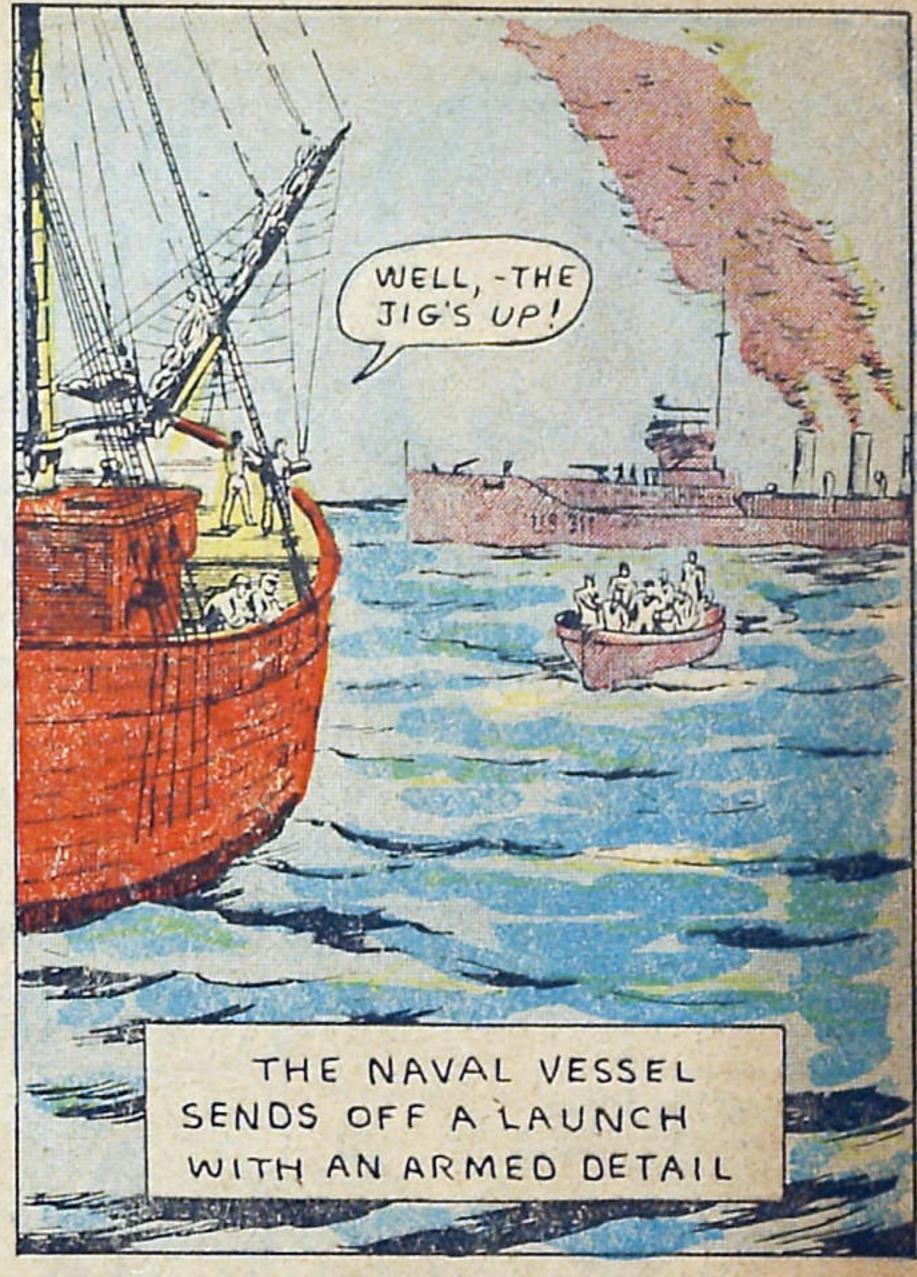


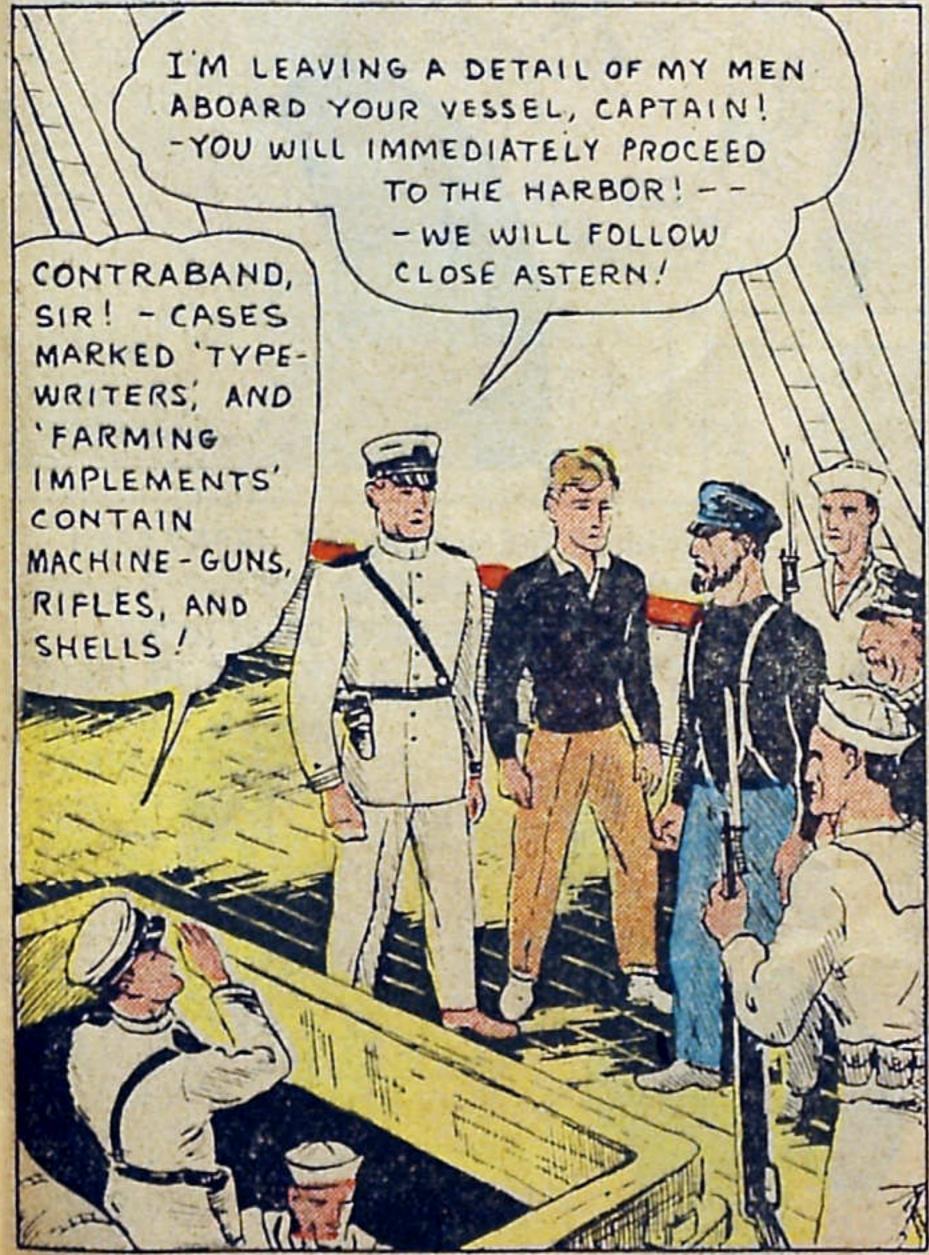
* SAIL HO! - THE CRY REFERS TO ANY VESSEL, NOT NECESSARILY A SAILING CRAFT.

"UP WITH THE HELM" - TO TURN THE STEERING WHEEL SO THAT
THE VESSEL'S BOW WILL LIE FARTHER FROM THE WIND.

* RUN -TO SAIL BEFORE THE WIND, SO AS TO MAKE GREATER SPEED.









RIGGING - THE ROPES AND GEAR SUPPORTING THE MASTS . * HEAVE TO' - STOP THE VESSEL'S HEADWAY.





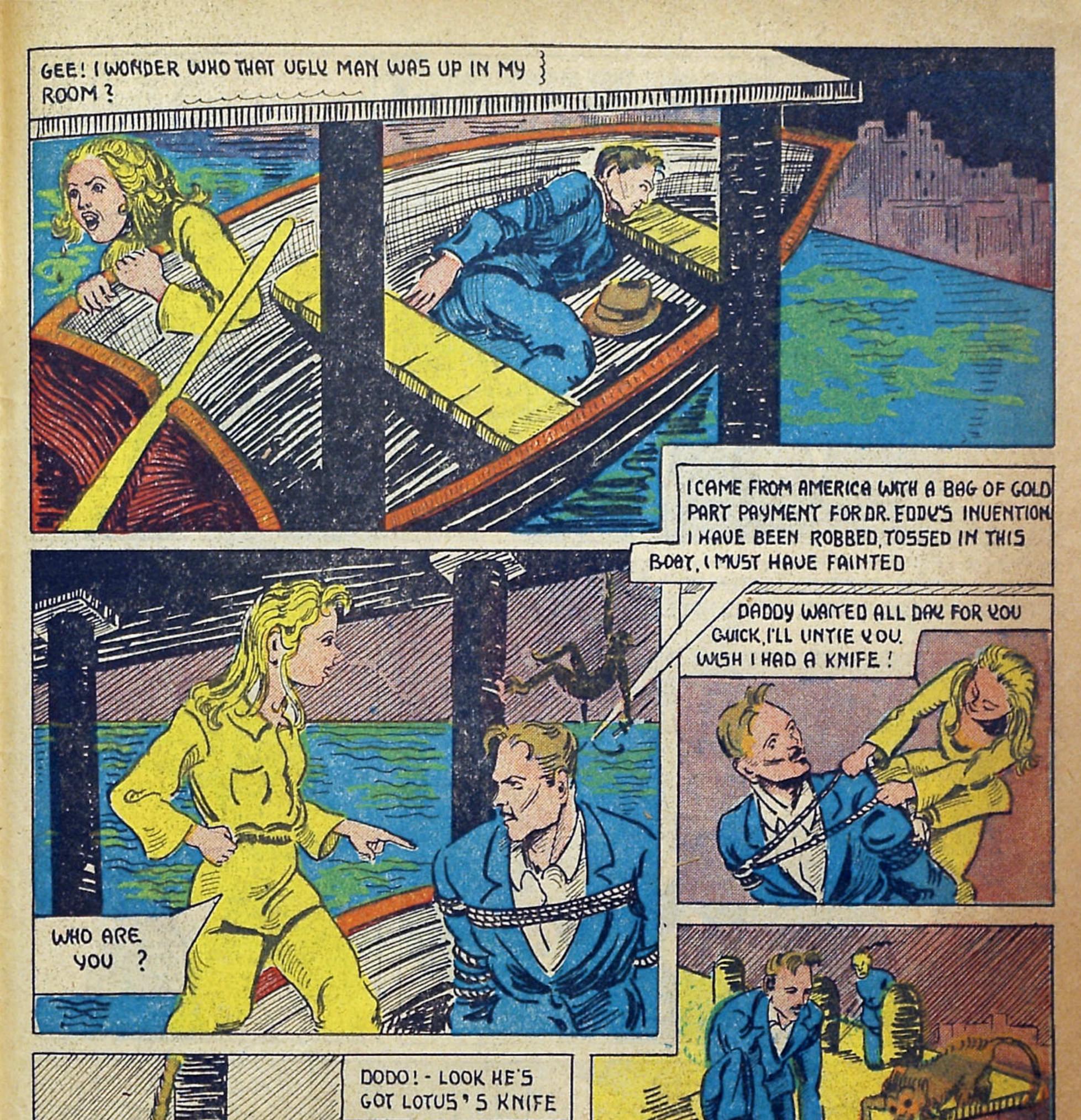
CHINA WILL BE MY PERMANENY HOME. WITH YOUR FORMULA WORYH A MILLION, DR. EDDY, AMERICA IS THE ONLY PLACE.









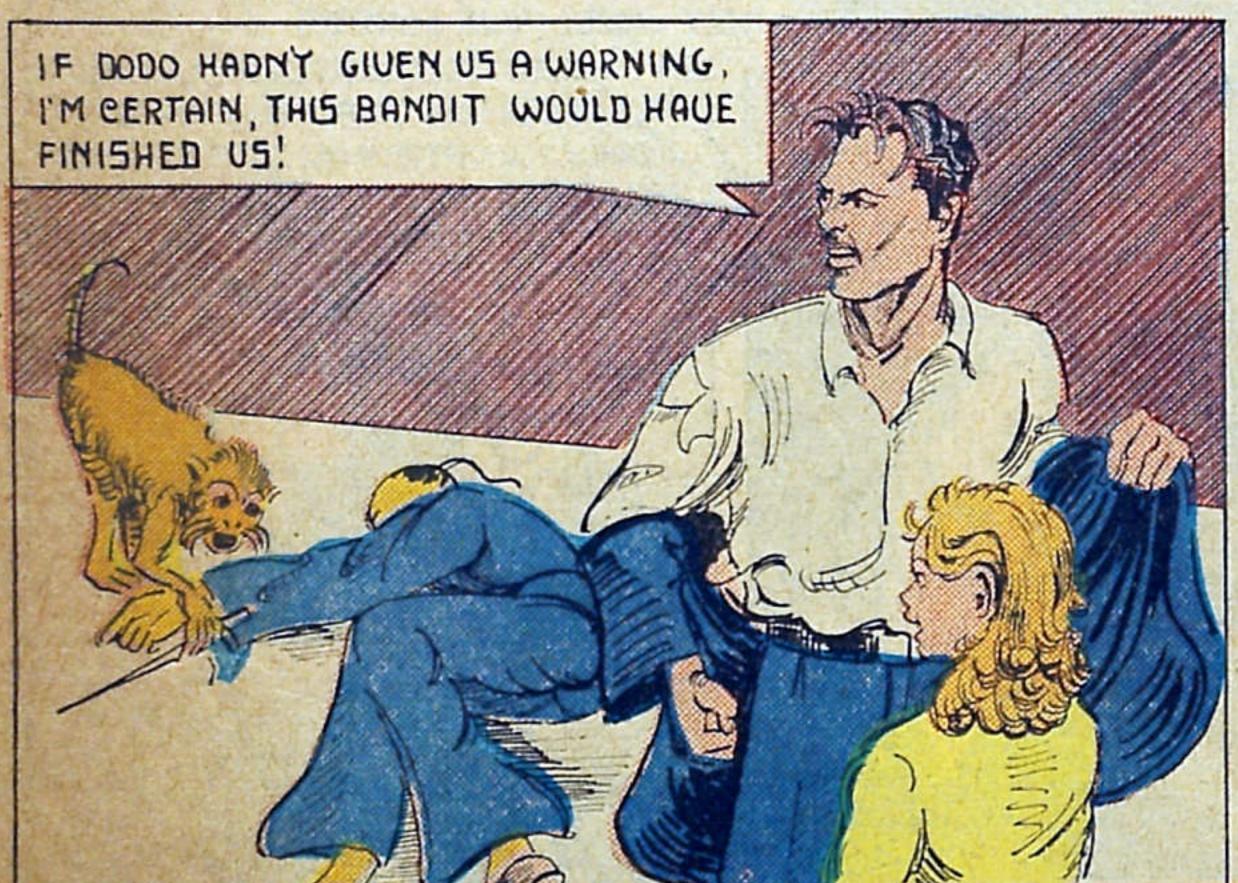








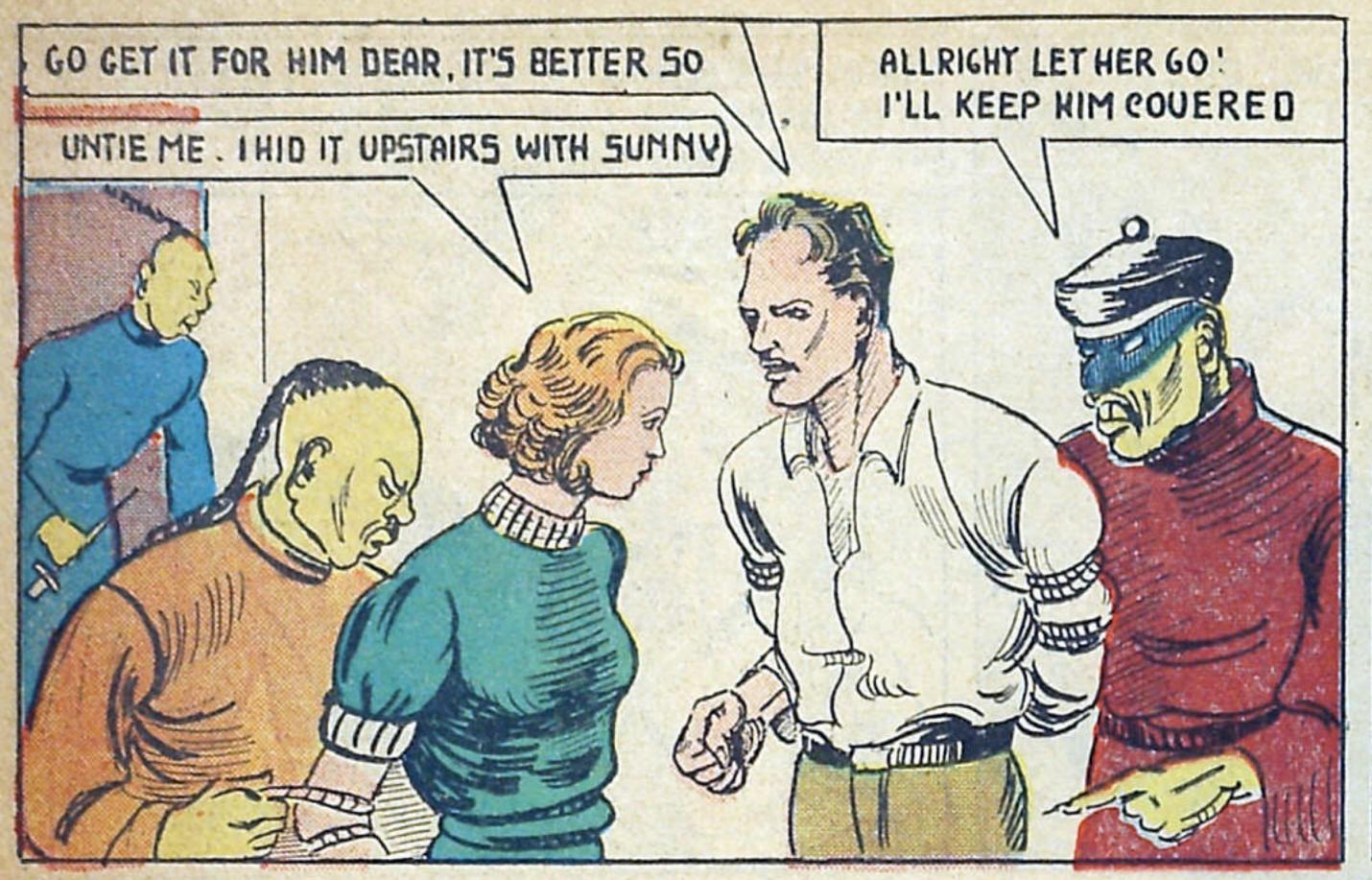




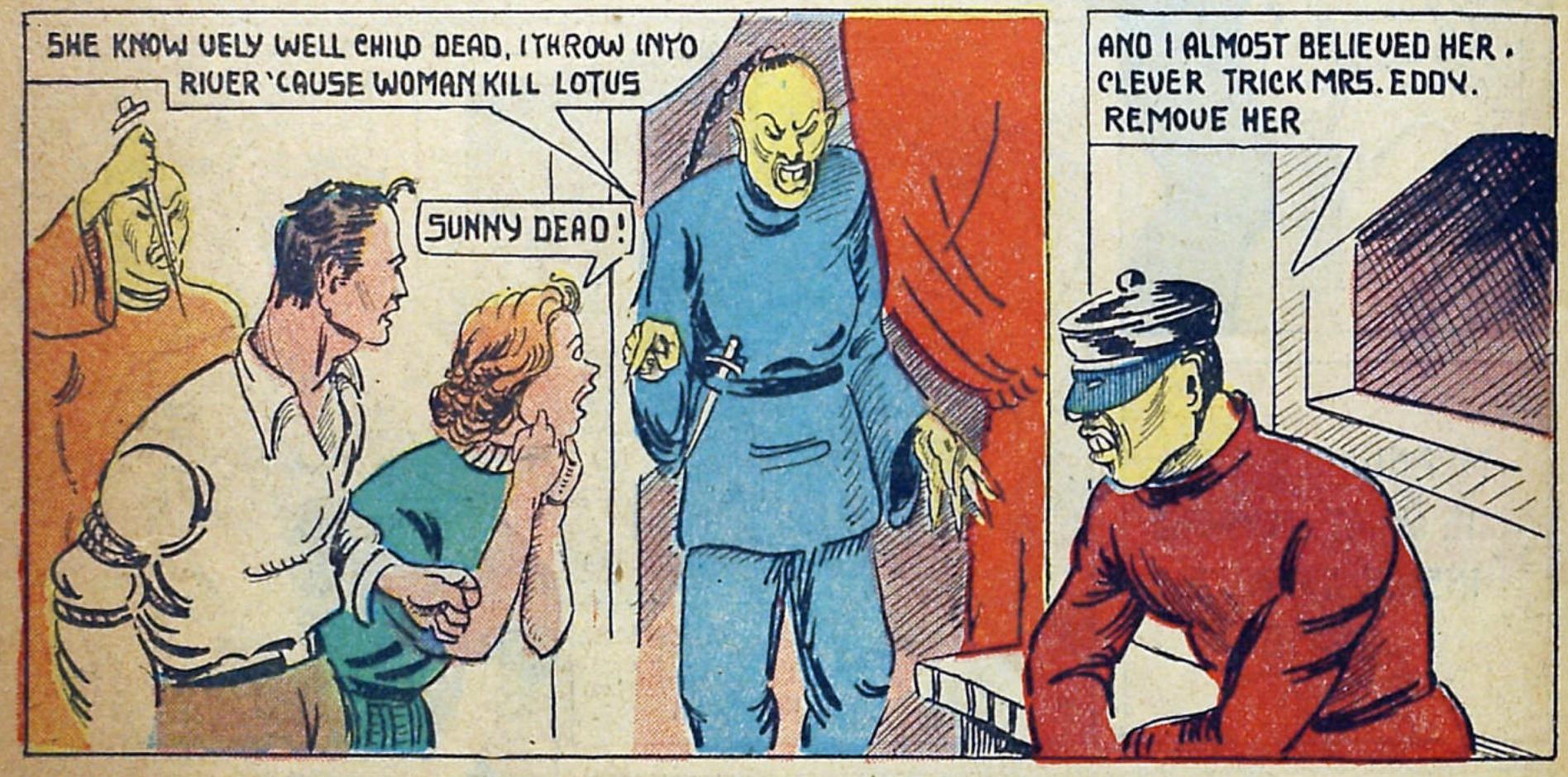


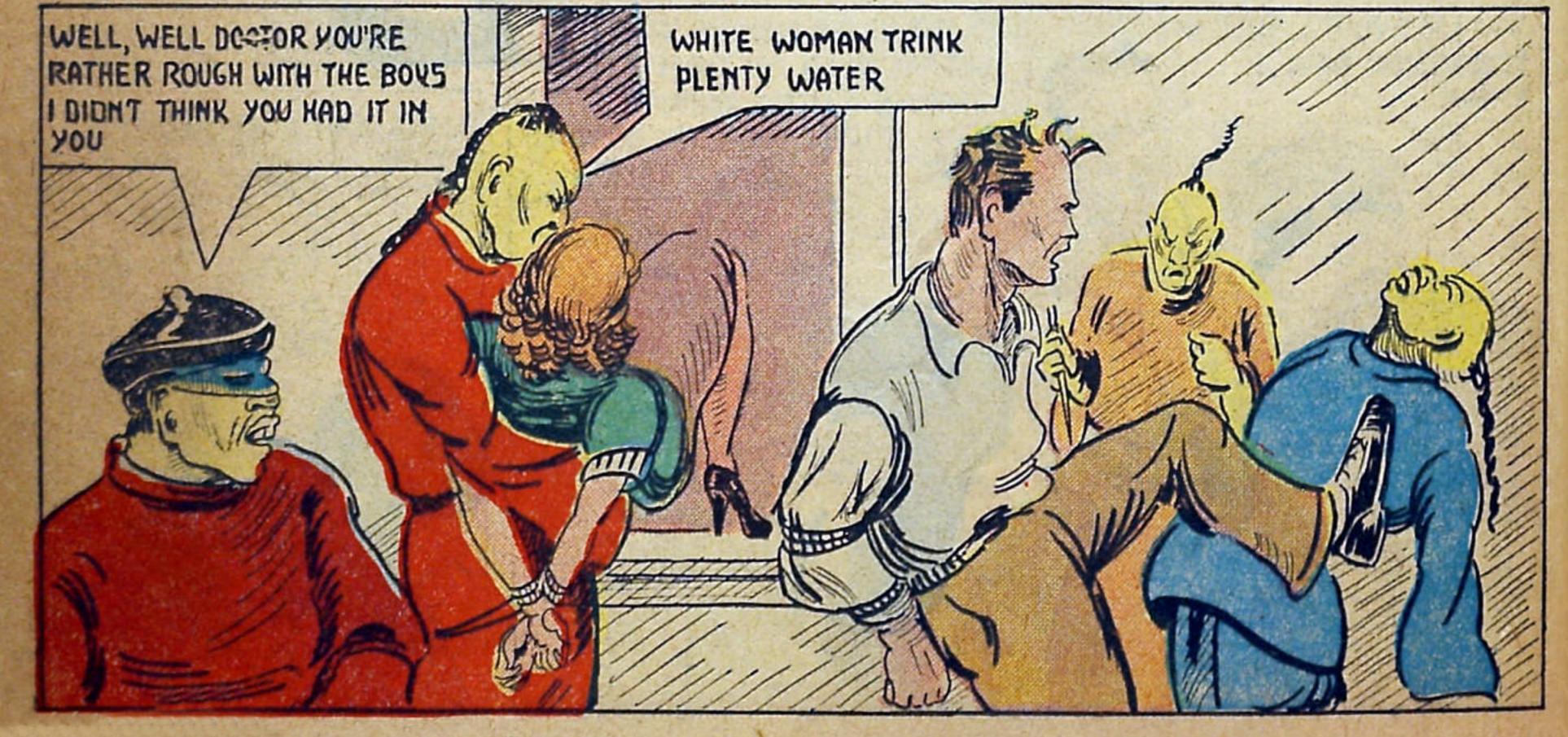




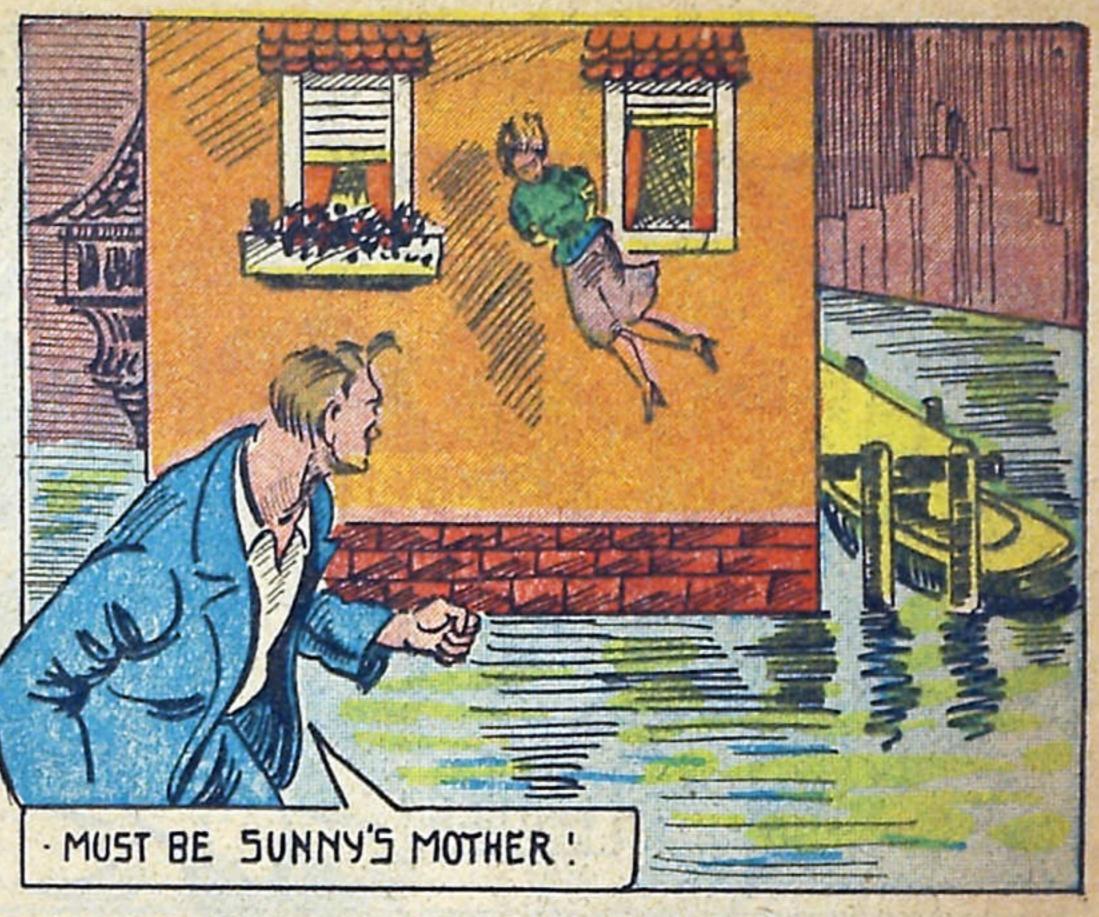




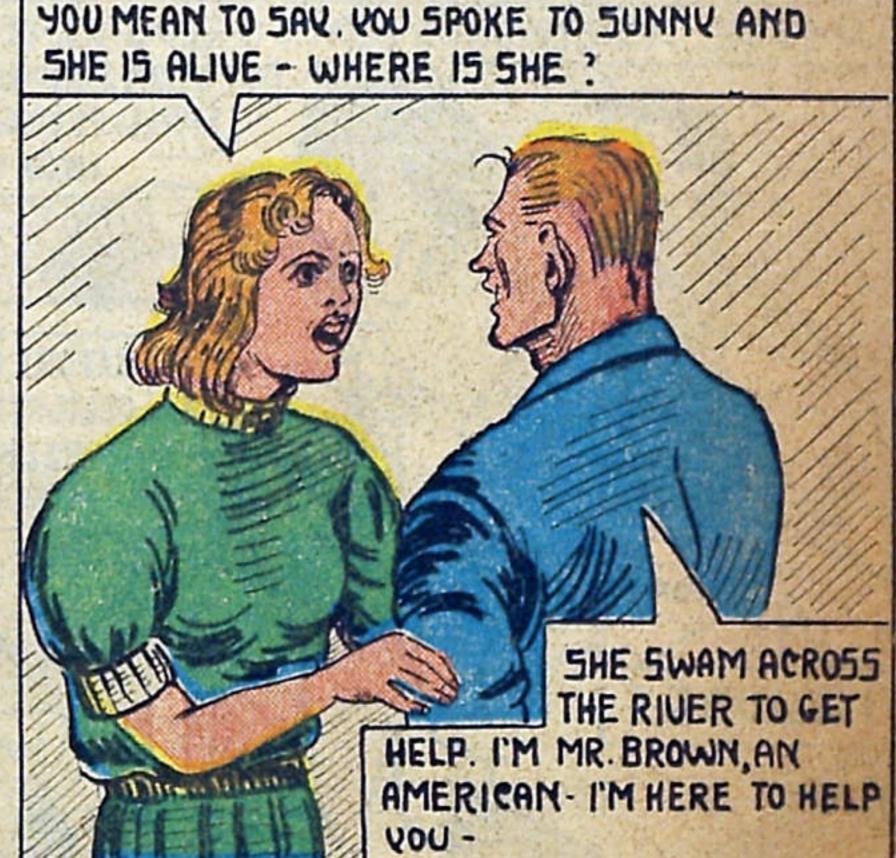


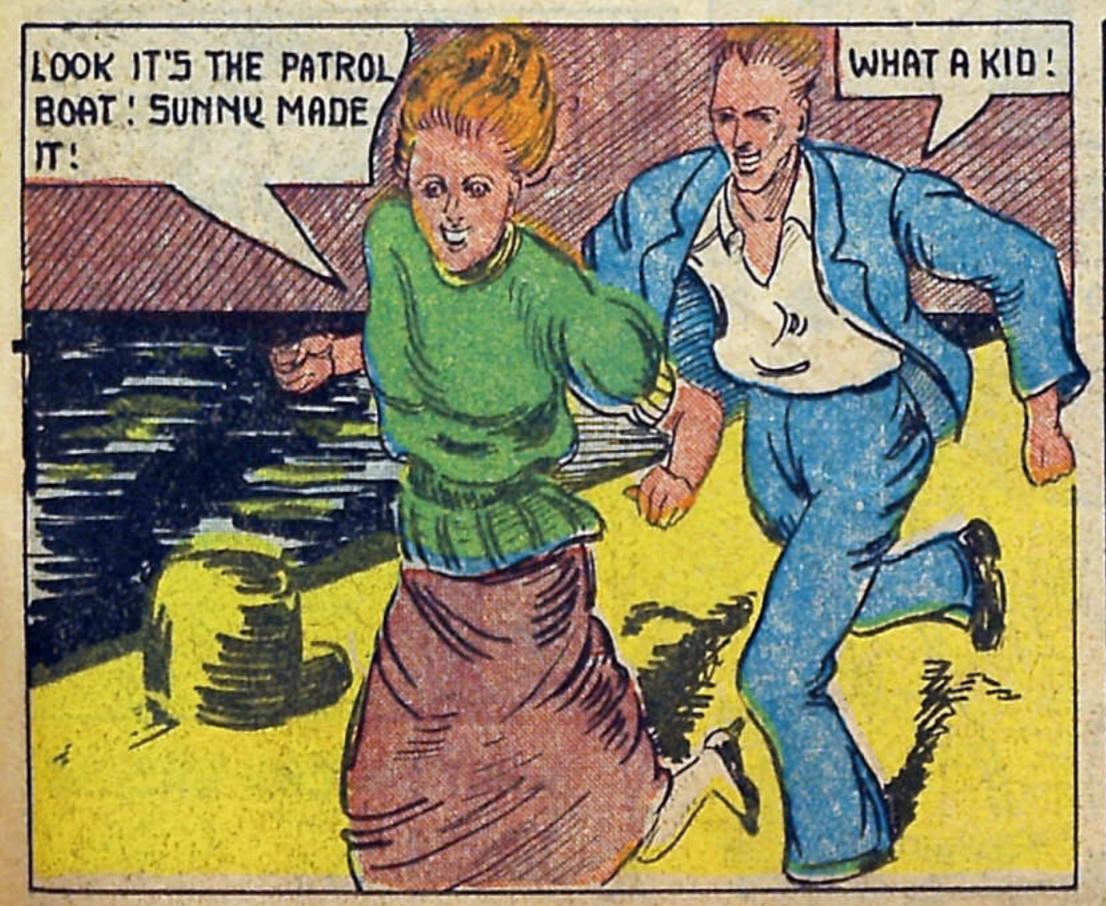




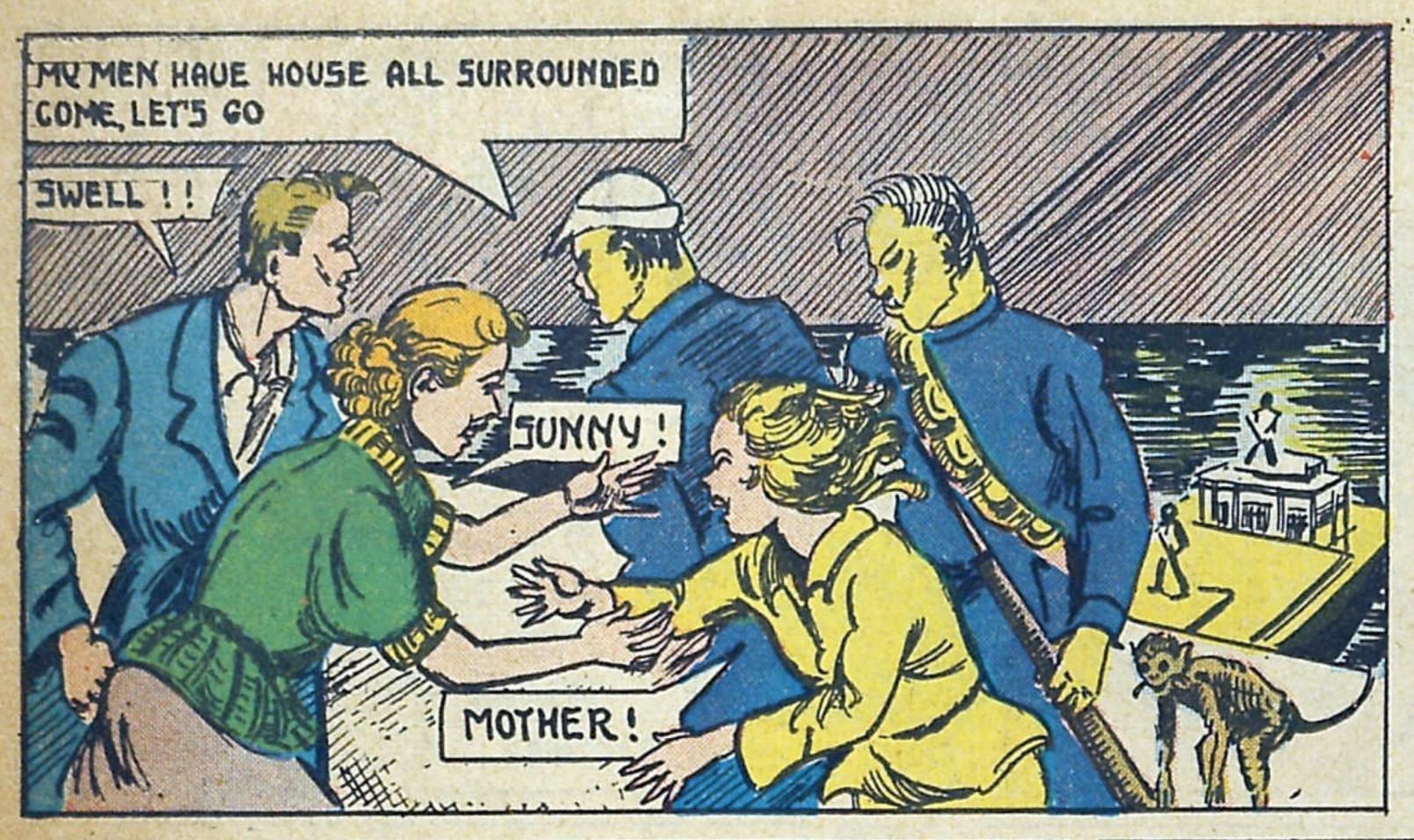










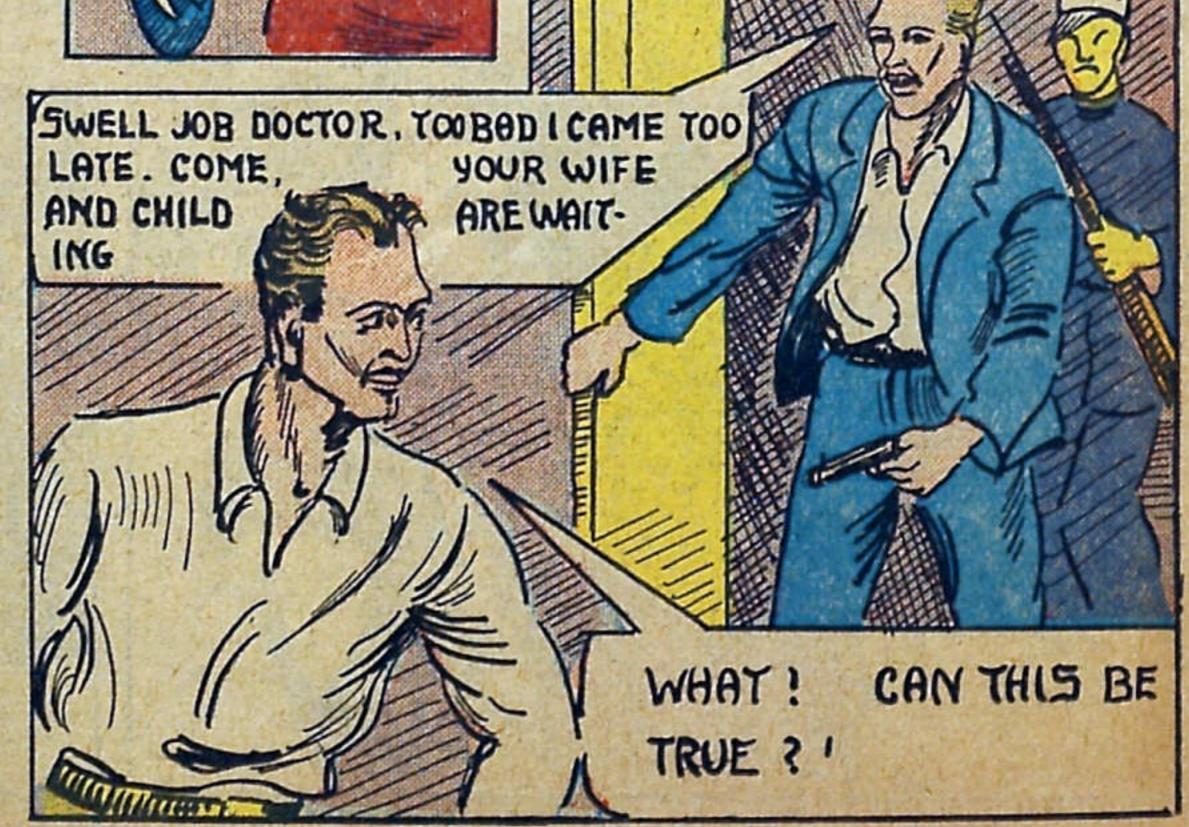


WHILE
INSIDE
DR. EDDY
GOES THROUGH
THE MOST
CRUEL
GRILLING









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February 1937

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